



# EERIE

POC

EERIE  
JULY  
#16

A WARREN MAGAZINE

## A STRANGE GIRL CALLED SARAH

GIVES YOU THE CHILLS  
ON PAGE 23

BEWARE  
THE DIABOLICAL  
WICKED GENIUS

## DOCTOR FELIX

...SEE THE 8  
VICTIMS OF  
HIS MAD,  
GRUESOME  
EXPERIMENTS!

[FROM "BIG TIME  
OPERATOR," PAGE 14]

PLUS  
MORE  
MIND-SHATTERING  
ILLUSTRATED  
TERROR-TALES  
OF CREEPING FEAR  
AND RAGING MONSTERS



B. Rockwell

40¢

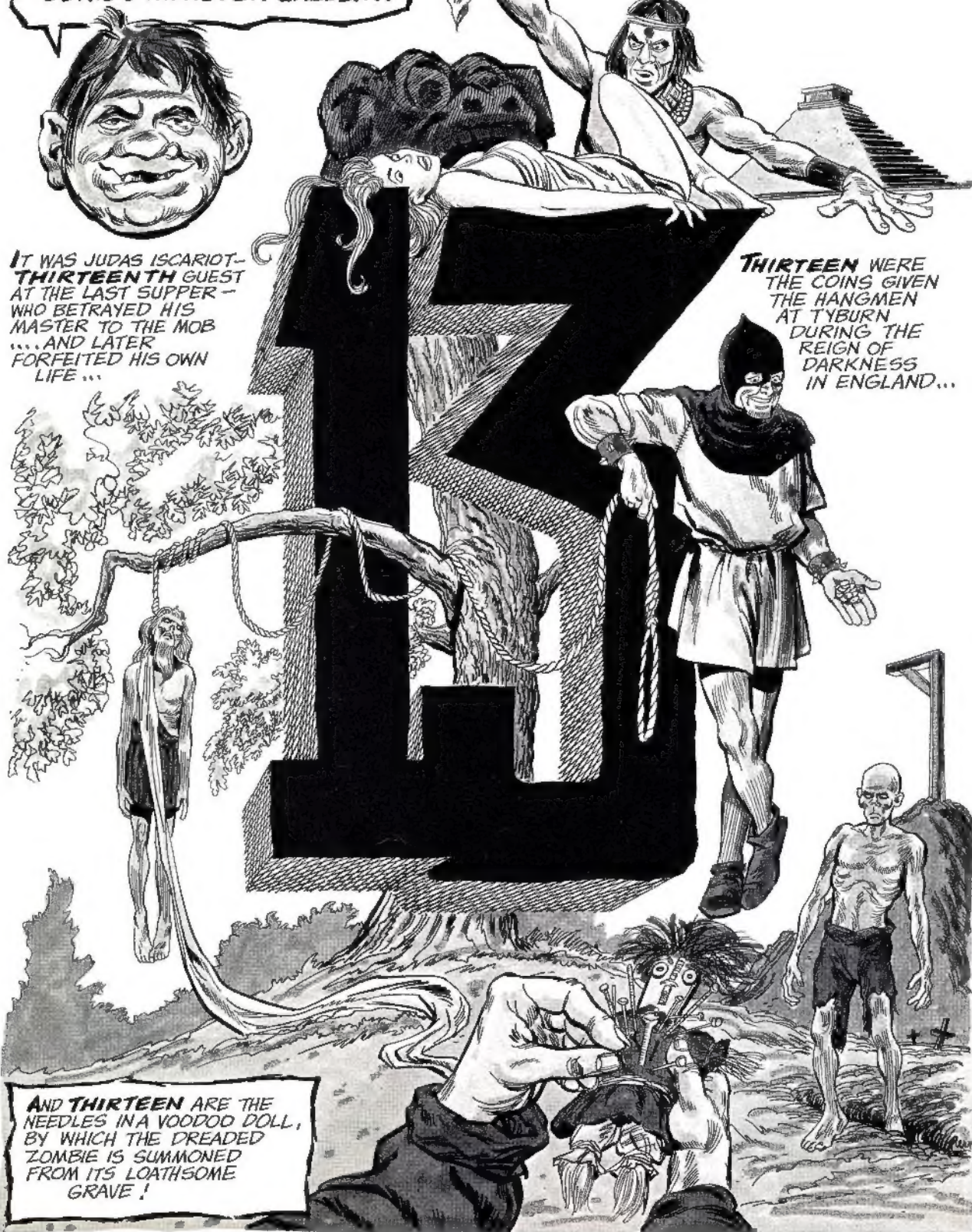
THROUGH THE AGES, **ONE** NUMBER HAS STOOD OUT FROM ALL THE OTHERS... THE SYMBOL OF **DEATH, DARKNESS** AND **EVIL**. READ ABOUT THE NUMBER **13** IN **EERIE'S MONSTER GALLERY!**

**B**EFORE THE DAWN OF MODERN HISTORY, PRIESTS OF SECRET CULTS OF BEAST-GODS AND ELEMENTAL FIENDS DEVELOPED THEIR CONCEPT OF THE UNIVERSE THROUGH SYMBOLS SUCH AS TREES, INSECTS' ENTAILS... AND **NUMBERS**...

IT WAS JUDAS ISCARIOT-**THIRTEENTH** GUEST AT THE LAST SUPPER-- WHO BETRAYED HIS MASTER TO THE MOB... AND LATER FORFEITED HIS OWN LIFE...

**THIRTEEN** WERE THE COINS GIVEN THE HANGMEN AT TYBURN DURING THE REIGN OF DARKNESS IN ENGLAND...

AND **THIRTEEN** ARE THE NEEDLES IN A VODOO DOLL, BY WHICH THE DREADED ZOMBIE IS SUMMONED FROM ITS LOATHSOME GRAVE!



# EERIE

JULY, 1968

No. 16

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COVER: BARRY ROCKWELL ARTISTS THIS ISSUE: FRANK BOLLE, JOHNNY CRAIG, RIC ESTRADA, JOE ORLANDO, ALEX TOTH, TONY WILLIAMS

WRITERS THIS ISSUE: E. NELSON BRIDWELL, ARCHIE GOODWIN, ROGER BRAND

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# DEAR COUSIN EERIE



This is to inform you and that skindomed Uncle of yours, that you have the best going magazines in the business. I agree with Richard Querin when he says that too many people complain about your books. Perhaps these people are frustrated artists or writers and as a result, they naturally lash out at the best drawing and writing on the face of the earth, or dungeon, or whatever crevice you inhabit. By the way where did you dig up Vic Prezio? He is undoubtedly the best since Frank Frazetta. I want to tell you the cover of EERIE #14 really turned me on. The way Prezio handled the coloring was the absolute most! "Howling Success" impressed me as the best story of the issue, and I'd like to close by saying that if you started an EERIE FAN CLUB I would certainly be a member.

AARON BARNETT  
McEwen, Tennessee

Please . . . only an uncivilized creature like your UNCLE CREEPY, would degrade himself by dwelling in any dungeon! I much prefer the ghostly graveyard of some ghostly graveyard to relax in . . . which might give you a hint about where we "uncovered" our clever, flesh-crawling craftsman . . . Vicious Vic Prezio. Thanx for filling us in on how much you "dig" him . . . we're deeply touched. One last scare surprise . . . if you'll shovel through this polluted pile of pungent prose-work . . . you will find a surprise awaiting you . . . on page 39!

I'm a recent convert to your magazine and I must tell you, it makes my hair stand on end every time I read your stories. The art in issue #14 was all

excellent. Two questions if I may. On page thirty-two, this is the first time I've seen you sporting electrode knobs on your head . . . what gives? Also in "Howling Success", the woman turns out to be the werewolf. I thought only men could become such things? In fact, doesn't the word "were" mean "man"?



DAVID FENCIL  
Penn. State,  
Penna.

"Wire" you so shocked Fencil my boy . . . did you think you're the only guy who gets a charge out of converting? Since I switched to another current, haven't you noticed my electrifying change? What do you think keeps your hair standing on end? Here's another enlightening flash for you . . . you're slipping up on your wolf-lore fella . . . you should have known that this particular lady lycanthrope was a . . . hee . . . "mare-wolf" . . . of course!

I have a complaint. Why do you print your advertising on the back of your illustrated pages? This means that if we cut out a coupon to send in for some of your scary stuff, it ruins the pictures on the other side. Maybe in the future you can do something to change this?



DEBBIE GILCHREST  
Morris, Illinois

I'm surprised a smart sorceress like you hasn't figured that one out . . . Debbie doll. This way . . . you'll have to buy TWO copies of my maddening mess . . . ont to read and one to rip! Like I've always said . . . it pays to keep your "money" side up . . . chort . . .

Bravo . . . bravo! I have just finished reading and re-reading EERIE #14. It was an outstanding accomplishment! First I would like to compliment you fellows on "The Stalkers". This one held me breathless all the way through to its weird climax. I've always enjoyed Alex Toth's artwork but in this terror tale, he seemed to burst into something really outstanding, for those readers who have tired of just blood all the time. I especially liked Toth's handling of the scenes through distorted, but clever angles. "Howling Success" was just okay until its very last panel. Then it became a really unexpected surprise. "Pursuit of the Vampire" and "Curse of the Full Moon" were two of the best werewolf and vampire tales I have ever seen in your magazine. Please have more "unorthodox" goodies like "The Stalkers" in your next issue. I feel your readers need a break in the monster routine once in

a while. One more thing, please bring back the CREEPY FAN CLUB . . . what's with you guys anyway? You know everyone wants it back. Jolly good issue anyway so keep it up!



LESLIE FOX  
Burbank, Calif.

Oh Leslie . . . you little fox . . . giving my revolting relative a plug! But if you've pawed through this priceless issue . . . you've seen that your enterprising Cousin has sprung a little trap of my own. You can catch all the news in EERIE FAN FARE. As for having too much blood . . . are you serious? What do you think caused Torturous Toth to burst in the first place? Seems he can never get enough of that rancid, red refreshment . . .

Your latest issue of EERIE far surpasses any that I have read before. The first story, "The Stalkers", should have ended when Colby found out that the doctor was an alien too. It would have made for a more ironic ending I think. Angelo Torres sure had a big part in this issue, although I feel his stories should be separated and not run together like you had them this time. iHs art seems to improve with each story. There was only one thing that degraded the quality of the stories each time it occurred. That was you, COUSIN EERIE, always popping up between the pages to build the plots up a bit. If you ask me, this took away from the realism that is usually sought when reading your mag.



DON WREGE  
Louisville, Ky.

So that's what's "alien" you . . . eh Don? You trying to tell me that all my popping up is pretty corny? Well . . . I'll have you know I got high "principals" . . . and not one of them ever left me back . . . so I don't know where you got all this "de-graded" stuff from. Been talking to UNCLE CREEPY lately? Furthermore . . . you can't blame the doc for "needing" Colby like that . . . maybe next time he'll take his medicine like a man . . . instead of a mutant!

The other day I spied your monstrous maggy on the rack at the local drugstore. I grabbed it, threw my forty coppers onto the counter and upon reaching my room, with trembling fingers \$ opened your book to the first tale and what do I see . . . a nightmare again! I recoiled in terror, knowing that "The Stalkers" had already haunted me in a former, frightful copy of CREEPY. I already wrote to that other cheap creature about knocking off the old

tales you're giving our readers, now . . . what are you going to do about this? Whatever the reasons, you must realize that reprints never bring acclaim. No one likes to pay double for the same thing over again and lots of your fabby artstuff is old hat by now. Of course I could ramble on about the great artists and all that jazz but why repeat well known information? There is only one good thing behind this all and that is namely giving the new fan a chance to catch up on some of the stuff he's missed. Fine . . . many of your stories are "classics" and perhaps should be re-run . . . but to keep everyone happy, I think the number of reprints should be limited to no more than one per issue. In this way, the story comes across in a more classical style and you are not stuffing us with stale material. If the quality of your gruesome gore doesn't get better, I'll be forced to go on a hunger strike against you. I hope not cause I love your vulgar vittles.



EUGENE STEINER  
Melford, Nebraska

Okay Euge . . . you can quit your wagging about those tales of mine . . . it looks like all that stretching on the rack did some good after all . . . and they'll be lots more of me to go around in upcoming issues. Now that you've hit the stake on the head . . . dog-gone it . . . be patient buddy! We promise never to again run more than just a little ol' reprint or two each issue!

I've got a question for you fiendish ghouls. In issue #13, on the front cover, you said: "Read why the number 13 scares you!". I searched and searched through that issue FIVE times to find out why and I still didn't come up with any answer. How come? Although I got a bit frustrated, I thought the stories were great as usual. "Tell Tale Heart" was best, "Voodoo" a close second and "Orge's Castle" ran a thrilling third.



DICK KENNEDY  
U.S.A.F. Academy,  
Colorado.

Well no wonder you didn't find out Dick . . . get your head out of those clouds and figure it out . . . you had EIGHT more times to go! HEE . . . Seriously though . . . we originally planned to have EERIE'S MONSTER GALLERY on the number 13—in the 13th issue. But we fooled you, and put it on page #2 of THIS issue! So we're 3 issues too late. Big Deal!

Want to write us?  
Address your poison pen letters to:  
EERIE LETTERS, Dept. 16,  
22 E. 42nd St., N.Y.C. 10017

# DRACULA'S GUEST

BY BRAM STOKER

THIS STORY WAS INTENDED AS THE OPENING EPISODE IN BRAM STOKER'S NOVEL, **DRACULA**, BUT WAS EXCISED BECAUSE OF THE LENGTH OF THE BOOK. AS READERS OF **DRACULA** WILL RECALL, IT OPENS WITH THE ENTRY FOR MAY 3 IN THE JOURNAL OF JONATHAN HARKER, A YOUNG ENGLISH SOLICITOR, ON HIS WAY TO TRANSACT BUSINESS WITH A CLIENT IN TRANSYLVANIA-- COUNT DRACULA. BUT LET US GO BACK AND READ THE ENTRY FOR MAY 1...



CROSSING HIMSELF, HE STARTED OFF RAPIDLY, AS IF TO MAKE UP FOR LOST TIME. EVERY NOW AND THEN THE HORSES SEEMED TO THROW UP THEIR HEADS AND SNIFFED THE AIR SUSPICIOUSLY.

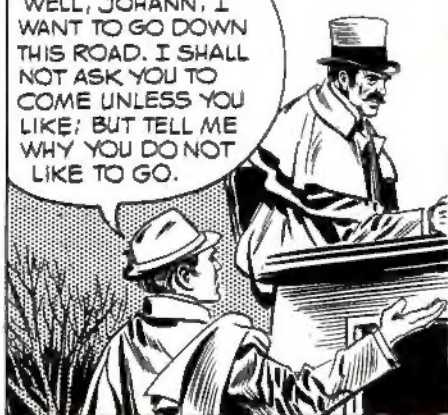


ON SUCH OCCASIONS I OFTEN LOOKED AROUND IN ALARM. WE WERE TRAVERSING A HIGH, WIND-SWEPT PLATEAU. THEN I SAW A ROAD WHICH SEEMED TO DIP THROUGH A LITTLE, WINDING VALLEY.



I CALLED JOHANN TO STOP--AND TOLD HIM I WOULD LIKE TO DRIVE DOWN THAT ROAD. HE MADE ALL SORTS OF EXCUSES AND FREQUENTLY CROSSED HIMSELF FINALLY.

WELL, JOHANN, I WANT TO GO DOWN THIS ROAD. I SHALL NOT ASK YOU TO COME UNLESS YOU LIKE; BUT TELL ME WHY YOU DO NOT LIKE TO GO.



WHEN WE STARTED FOR OUR DRIVE THE SUN WAS SHINING BRIGHTLY IN MUNICH. HERR DELBRÜCK (THE MAÎTRE D'HOTEL OF THE QUATRE SAISONS, WHERE I WAS STAYING) CAME DOWN AND, AFTER WISHING ME A PLEASANT DRIVE...

REMEMBER YOU ARE BACK BY NIGHTFALL. THIS IS A SHIVER IN THE WIND THAT SAYS THERE MAY BE A SUDDEN STORM. BUT YOU WILL NOT BE LATE, FOR YOU KNOW WHAT NIGHT IT IS.



JA, MEIN HERR.

JOHANN DROVE OFF QUICKLY. WHEN WE HAD CLEARED THE TOWN, I SIGNALLED HIM TO STOP.

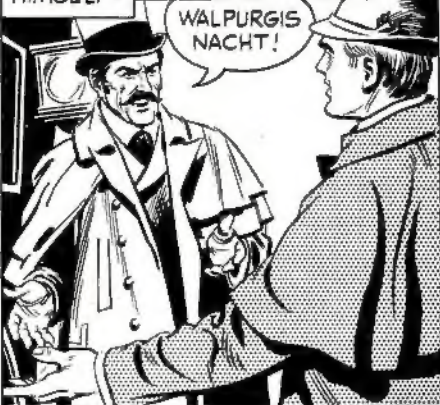
TELL ME, JOHANN, WHAT IS TONIGHT?

WALPURGIS NACHT.



HE THREW HIMSELF OFF THE BOX AND IMPORED ME NOT TO GO. HE SEEMED ALWAYS JUST ABOUT TO TELL ME SOMETHING WHICH FRIGHTENED HIM; BUT EACH TIME HE PULLED HIMSELF UP, SAYING, AS HE CROSSED HIMSELF:

WALPURGIS NACHT!



THEN THE HORSES BECAME RESTLESS AND SNIFFED THE AIR. AT THIS HE SUDDENLY JUMPED FORWARD, TOOK THEM BY THE BRIDLES AND LED THEM ON SOME TWENTY FEET.



I FOLLOWED, AND ASKED WHY HE HAD DONE THIS. HE POINTED TO THE SPOT WE HAD LEFT AND DREW HIS CARRIAGE IN THE DIRECTION OF THE OTHER ROAD, INDICATING A CROSS.

BURIED HIM-- HIM WHAT KILLED HIMSELF.

AH! I SEE, A SUICIDE. BURIED AT THE CROSS-ROADS. HOW INTERESTING!



WHILST WE WERE TALKING, WE HEARD A SORT OF SOUND BETWEEN A YELP AND A BARK. IT WAS FAR AWAY; BUT THE HORSES GOT VERY RESTLESS, AND IT TOOK JOHANN ALL HIS TIME TO QUIET THEM.

IT SOUNDS LIKE A WOLF-- BUT YET THERE ARE NO WOLVES HERE NOW.



REMARKING THAT THE SNOW STORM WOULD SOON COME, JOHANN CLIMBED TO HIS BOX AS THOUGH THE TIME HAD COME FOR PROCEEDING ON OUR JOURNEY. I DID NOT AT ONCE GET INTO THE CARRIAGE.

TELL ME ABOUT THIS PLACE WHERE THE ROAD LEADS.

IT IS UNHOLY. THE VILLAGE. NO ONE LIVES THERE HUNDREDS OF YEARS.



"MEN DIED THERE AND WERE BURIED; AND SOUNDS WERE HEARD UNDER THE CLAY, AND WHEN THE GRAVES WERE OPENED, MEN AND WOMEN WERE FOUND ROSY WITH LIFE, AND THEIR MOUTHS RED WITH BLOOD."



AND SO, IN HASTE TO SAVE THEIR LIVES (AYE, AND THEIR SOULS!) THOSE WHO WERE LEFT FLED AWAY TO OTHER PLACES, WHERE THE LIVING LIVED, AND THE DEAD WERE DEAD AND NOT--NOT SOMETHING ELSE. GET IN! **WALPURGIS NACHT!**



ALL MY ENGLISH BLOOD ROSE AT THIS. I TOOK FROM THE SEAT MY OAK WALKING STICK AND CLOSED THE DOOR, POINTING BACK TO MUNICH.

YOU ARE AFRAID, JOHANN. GO HOME; I SHALL RETURN ALONE; THE WALK WILL DO ME GOOD. **WALPURGIS NACHT** DOES NOT CONCERN ENGLISHMEN.



WITH A DESPAIRING GESTURE JOHANN TURNED HIS HORSES TOWARD MUNICH. HE WENT SLOWLY ALONG THE ROAD FOR A WHILE; THEN THERE CAME OVER THE CREST OF THE HILL A MAN TALL AND THIN.



WHEN HE DREW NEAR THE HORSES, THEY BEGAN TO JUMP AND KICK ABOUT, THEN TO SCREAM WITH TERROR. JOHANN COULD NOT HOLD THEM; THEY BOLTED DOWN THE ROAD, RUNNING AWAY MADLY.



I WATCHED THEM OUT OF SIGHT, THEN LOOKED FOR THE STRANGER, BUT FOUND THAT HE, TOO, WAS GONE.



I TURNED DOWN THE SIDE ROAD THROUGH THE DEEPENING VALLEY. I TRAMPED FOR A COUPLE OF HOURS WITHOUT SEEING A PERSON OR A HOUSE. ON TURNING A BEND IN THE ROAD, I CAME UPON A SCATTERED FRINGE OF WOOD; THEN I RECOGNIZED THAT I HAD BEEN SUBCONSCIOUSLY IMPRESSED BY THE DESOLATION OF THE REGION THROUGH WHICH I HAD PASSED.



I SAT DOWN TO REST MYSELF AND BEGAN TO LOOK AROUND. GREAT THICK CLOUDS WERE DRIFTING RAPIDLY ACROSS THE SKY. THERE WERE SIGNS OF COMING STORM IN THE AIR. I WAS A LITTLE CHILLY, AND, THINKING IT WAS THE SITTING STILL, I RESUMED MY JOURNEY.



THE GROUND I PASSED OVER WAS NOW MUCH MORE PICTURESQUE. IT WAS ONLY WHEN THE DEEPENING TWILIGHT FORCED ITSELF UPON ME THAT I BEGAN TO THINK OF HOW I SHOULD FIND MY WAY HOME. THE DRIFTING OF CLOUDS WAS ACCOMPANIED BY A FAR-AWAY RUSHING SOUND, THROUGH WHICH SEEMED TO COME THE CRY OF A WOLF.



I PRESENTLY CAME ON A WIDE STRETCH OF OPEN COUNTRY, SHUT IN BY HILLS ALL AROUND. AS I LOOKED THE SNOW BEGAN TO FALL. SOON THE EARTH AROUND ME WAS A GLISTENING WHITE CARPET. IN FLASHES OF VIVID LIGHTNING I COULD SEE AHEAD OF ME A GREAT MASS OF TREES.



I WAS SOON IN THE SHELTER OF THE TREES. BY AND BY THE STORM SEEMED TO BE PASSING AWAY. WHEN THE SNOW HAD CEASED TO FALL, I FOUND A LOW WALL ENCIRCLING THE COPSE, AND FOLLOWING THIS I FOUND AN OPENING. HERE THE CYPRESSES FORMED AN ALLEY LEADING UP TO A BUILDING OF SOME KIND.



I GROPED MY WAY BLINDLY ON, THEN STOPPED, FOR THERE WAS A SUDDEN STILLNESS. THE MOONLIGHT BROKE THROUGH THE CLOUDS, SHOWING ME THAT I WAS IN A GRAVEYARD, AND THAT THE OBJECT BEFORE ME WAS A GREAT MARBLE TOMB OF WHITE MARBLE.



WITH THE MOONLIGHT THE STORM APPEARED TO RESUME WITH A LONG, LOW HOWL, AS OF MANY WOLVES. I WALKED AROUND THE SEPULCHER. ON THE TOP OF THE TOMB, DRIVEN THROUGH THE SOLID MARBLE, WAS A GREAT IRON STAKE OR SPIKE.



AND NOW A PERFECT TORNADO BURST UPON ME. AND THIS TIME THE STORM BORE ON ITS ICY WINGS, NOT SNOW, BUT GREAT HAILSTONES. THE ONLY SPOT THAT SEEMED TO AFFORD REFUGE WAS THE DOORWAY OF THE MARBLE TOMB.



THERE, CROUCHING AGAINST THE MASSIVE BRONZE DOOR, I GAINED A CERTAIN AMOUNT OF PROTECTION FROM THE HAILSTONES. AS I LEANED AGAINST THE DOOR, IT MOVED SLIGHTLY AND OPENED INWARD.



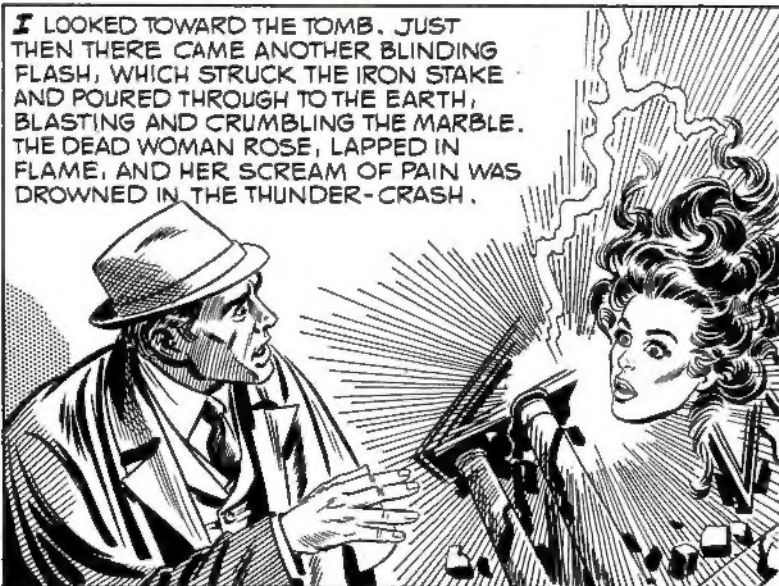
THE SHELTER OF EVEN A TOMB WAS WELCOME, AND I WAS ABOUT TO ENTER IT WHEN THERE CAME A FLASH OF FORKED LIGHTNING. IN THE INSTANT, I SAW A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN SEEMINGLY SLEEPING ON A BIER.



AS THE THUNDER BROKE OVERHEAD, I WAS GRASPED AS BY THE HAND OF A GIANT AND HURLED OUT INTO THE STORM.



I LOOKED TOWARD THE TOMB. JUST THEN THERE CAME ANOTHER BLINDING FLASH, WHICH STRUCK THE IRON STAKE AND POURED THROUGH TO THE EARTH, BLASTING AND CRUMBLING THE MARBLE. THE DEAD WOMAN ROSE, LAPPED IN FLAME, AND HER SCREAM OF PAIN WAS DROWNED IN THE THUNDER-CRASH.



I WAS SEIZED AGAIN IN THE GIANT-GRASP AND DRAGGED AWAY. THE LAST SIGHT THAT I REMEMBER WAS A VAGUE, WHITE, MOVING MASS, AS IF ALL THE GRAVES HAD SENT OUT THEIR SHEETED DEAD, AND THEY WERE CLOSING IN ON ME.



GRADUALLY THERE CAME A VAGUE BEGINNING OF CONSCIOUSNESS. I FELT A WARM RASPING AT MY THROAT. SOME GREAT ANIMAL WAS LYING ON ME AND NOW LICKING MY THROAT.



THROUGH MY EYELASHES I SAW ABOVE ME THE TWO GREAT FLAMING EYES OF A GIGANTIC WOLF. ITS SHARP WHITE TEETH GLEAMED IN THE GAPING RED MOUTH, AND I COULD FEEL ITS HOT BREATH FIERCE AND ACRID UPON ME.



I HEARD A LOW GROWL, FOLLOWED BY A YELP, RENEWED AGAIN AND AGAIN. THEN, FAR AWAY, I HEARD MANY VOICES CALLING IN UNISON. FROM BEYOND THE TREES CAME A TROOP OF HORSEMEN BEARING TORCHES.



THE WOLF ROSE AND MADE FOR THE CEMETARY. ONE OF THE SOLDIERS RAISED HIS CARBINE. A COMPANION KNOCKED UP HIS ARM. AND A BALL WHIZZED OVER MY HEAD. HE HAD TAKEN MY BODY FOR THAT OF THE WOLF.



ANOTHER SIGHTED THE ANIMAL AS IT SLUNK AWAY, AND A SHOT FOLLOWED. IT DISAPPEARED AMONGST THE SNOW-CLAD CYPRESSES.



SOME OF THE SOLDIERS KNELT BESIDE ME AND POURED BRANDY DOWN MY THROAT. WHEN THE OTHERS CAME, SAYING THEY HAD NOT FOUND THE WOLF...



NO USE TRYING FOR HIM WITHOUT THE SACRED BULLET.

THERE WAS BLOOD ON THE BROKEN MARBLE. IS HE SAFE? LOOK AT HIS THROAT! THE WOLF HAS BEEN KEEPING HIS BLOOD WARM.

A WOLF-- AND YET NOT A WOLF!

THE OFFICER LOOKED AT MY THROAT.

THE SKIN IS NOT PIERCED. WHAT DOES IT ALL MEAN? WE SHOULD NEVER HAVE FOUND HIM BUT FOR THE YELPING OF THE WOLF.

LET US LEAVE THIS CURSED SPOT.



SEVERAL MEN PLACED ME UPON A HORSE. THE OFFICER SPRANG TO THE SADDLE BEHIND ME. I FELL ASLEEP; THE NEXT THING I REMEMBERED WAS FINDING MYSELF STANDING UP, SUPPORTED BY TWO SOLDIERS. IT WAS DAYLIGHT.

SAY NOTHING EXCEPT THAT WE FOUND AN ENGLISH STRANGER, GUARDED BY A LARGE DOG.

I THINK I KNOW A WOLF WHEN I SEE ONE. LOOK AT HIS THROAT. IS THAT THE WORK OF A DOG?



I WAS THEN MOUNTED BEHIND A TROOPER, AND WE RODE ON TO THE SUBURBS OF MUNICH. HERE WE CAME ACROSS A CARRIAGE, WHICH TOOK ME TO THE QUATRE SAISONS -- THE YOUNG OFFICER ACCOMPANYING ME.



I RAISED MY HAND TO MY THROAT, AND AS I TOUCHED IT I CRIED OUT IN PAIN. THE MEN CROWDED ROUND TO LOOK.

OHH!

A DOG, AS I SAID. IF ANYTHING ELSE WERE SAID WE SHOULD ONLY BE LAUGHED AT!



WHEN WE ARRIVED, HERR DELBRÜCK RUSHED SO QUICKLY TO MEET ME THAT IT WAS APPARENT HE HAD BEEN WAITING. THE OFFICER SALUTED ME AND WAS TURNING TO WITHDRAW, WHEN...



NO, NO, MY FRIEND! COME TO MY ROOMS!

OVER A GLASS OF WINE I WARMLY THANKED HIM AND HIS BRAVE COMRADES FOR SAVING ME.

I AM MORE THAN GLAD, BUT IT WAS HERR DELBRÜCK WHO TOOK THE FIRST STEPS TO MAKE ALL THE SEARCHING PARTY PLEASED.



AT THIS THE MAÎTRE D'HOTEL SMILED, WHILE THE OFFICER PLEADED DUTY AND WITHDREW.

BUT HERR DELBRÜCK, HOW AND WHY WAS IT THAT THE SOLDIERS SEARCHED FOR ME?

I OBTAINED LEAVE FROM THE COMMANDER OF THE REGIMENT IN WHICH I SERVED TO ASK FOR VOLUNTEER. THE DRIVER CAME HITHER WITH THE REMAINS OF HIS CARRIAGE, WHICH WAS UPSET WHEN THE HORSES RAN AWAY.



BUT SURELY YOU WOULD NOT SEND A SEARCH-PARTY OF SOLDIERS MERELY ON THIS ACCOUNT?

OH, NO! I HAD THIS TELEGRAM FROM THE BOYAR WHOSE GUEST YOU ARE.



## TELEGRAM

BISTRITZ  
BE CAREFUL OF MY GUEST. SHOULD HE BE MISSED, SPARE NOTHING TO FIND HIM AND INSURE HIS SAFETY. HE IS ENGLISH AND THEREFORE ADVENTUROUS. THERE ARE OFTEN DANGERS FROM SNOWS AND WOLVES AT NIGHT. I ANSWER YOUR ZEAL WITH MY FORTUNE.

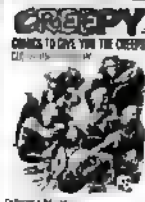
DRACULA

THE ROOM SEEMED TO WHIRL AROUND ME. FROM A DISTANT COUNTRY HAD COME, IN THE VERY NICK OF TIME, A MESSAGE THAT TOOK ME OUT OF THE JAWS OF THE WOLF.



THUS BEGAN THE WORLD FAMOUS TALE OF DRACULA.

THE END



**THIS IS UNCLE CREEPY  
SPEAKING, FIENDS...  
SHOWING YOU HOW TO  
GET CREEPY  
BACK ISSUES  
AND  
WHILE YOU'RE AT IT...  
USE THE COUPON FOR  
A SUBSCRIPTION!!!!**




**...MAIL THIS COUPON NOW  
FOR SUBSCRIPTIONS OR BACK ISSUES OF CREEPY!**

Indicate a payment to:  
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☐ Special Double Issue #11  
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☐ June Issue #15  
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Collector's Edition #1



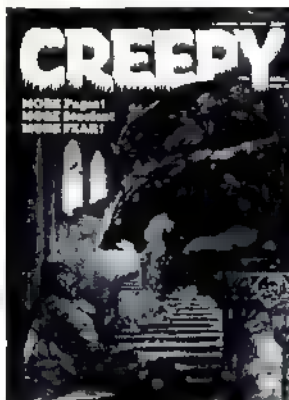
Second Great Issue #2



Thrilling Issue #3



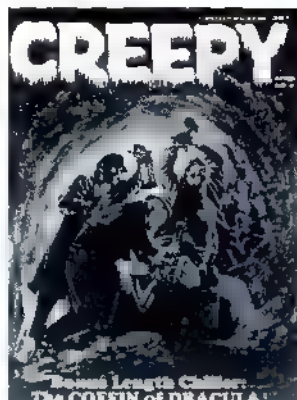
Fantastic Issue #4



Shocking Issue #5



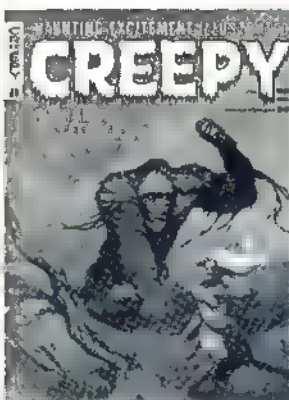
Screaming Issue #6



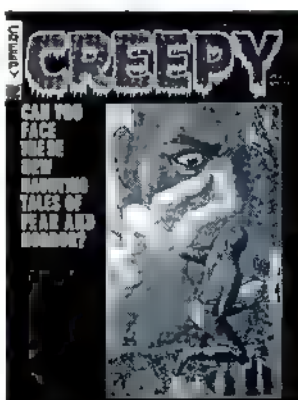
Jolting Issue #7



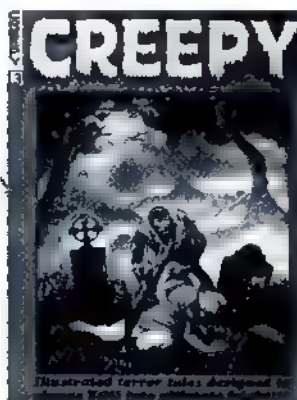
Numbing Issue #8



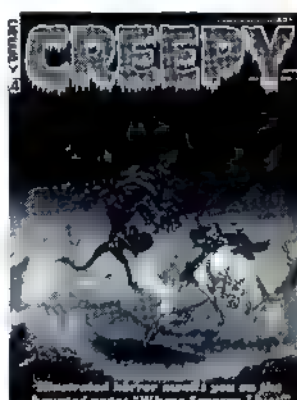
Haunting Issue #9



Trembling Issue #10



Throbbing Issue #11



Fearful Issue #12



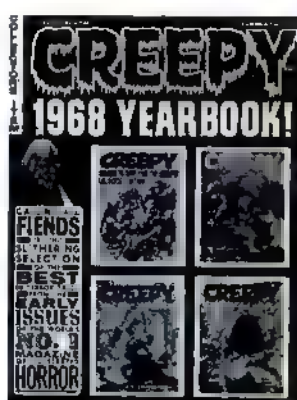
Haunting Issue #13



Shivering Issue #14



Incredible Issue #15



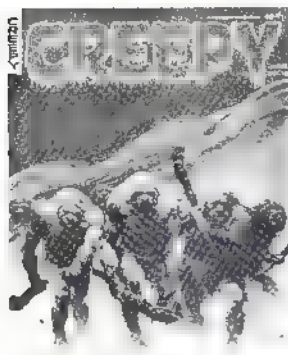
First Creepy Yearbook



Fiendish Issue #5



Tinglyng Issue #10



Fabulous Issue #15



Thrilling Issue #19

**THIS IS UNCLE CREEPY  
SPEAKING, FIENDS...  
SHOWING YOU HOW TO  
GET CREEPY  
BACK ISSUES  
AND  
WHILE YOU'RE AT IT...  
USE THE COUPON FOR  
A SUBSCRIPTION!!!!!!**



**...MAIL THIS COUPON NOW  
FOR SUBSCRIPTIONS OR BACK ISSUES OF CREEPY!**

Enclosed is payment for:

- ☐ Collector's Edition #1 (\$2.50)
- ☐ Second Great Issue #2 (\$1)
- ☐ Thrilling Issue #3 (\$1)
- ☐ Fantastic Issue #4 (\$1)
- ☐ Fiendish Issue #5 (\$1)
- ☐ Shocking Issue #6 (\$1)
- ☐ Screaming Issue #7 (\$1)
- ☐ Jolting Issue #8 (\$1)
- ☐ Numbering Issue #9 (\$1)
- ☐ Tinglyng Issue #10 (\$1)
- ☐ Haunting Issue #11 (75c)
- ☐ Trembling Issue #12 (75c)
- ☐ Throbbing Issue #13 (75c)
- ☐ Fearful Issue #14 (85c)
- ☐ Fabulous Issue #15 (65c)
- ☐ Blasting Issue #16 (85c)
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- ☐ Thrilling Issue #19 (65c)
- ☐ Wild Issue #20 (65c)

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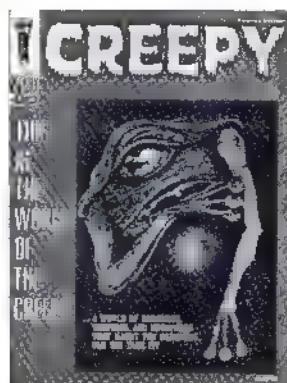
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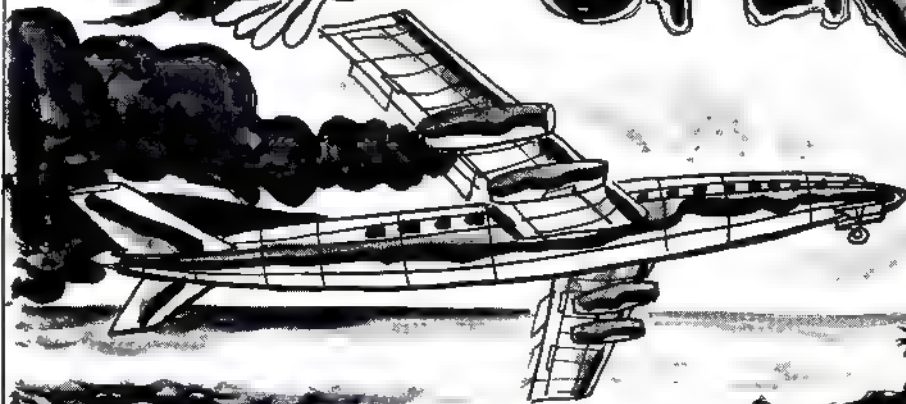


Wild Issue #20

**COMPLETE YOUR CREEPY  
COLLECTION NOW! SEND THE  
COUPON ABOVE FOR EACH BRAIN-  
BREAKING BACK ISSUE YOU'VE  
MISSED OF UNCLE CREEPY'S  
PULSEATING PACKAGE OF TERROR  
TALES! BUT HURRY... THEY'RE  
GOING LIKE BLOOD AT A VAM-  
PIRE CONVENTION!**

THIS PLANE IS IN TROUBLE! BUT NOT FOR LONG! THE PLANE  
WILL LAND SAFELY ON A SMALL ISLAND. THEN THE PEOPLE  
IN THE PLANE WILL BE IN TROUBLE. THIS ISLAND'S SOLE INHABITANT IS A...

# BIG-TIME OPERATOR!



ONLY EIGHT  
PERSONS ABOARD  
SURVIVED...  
THE REST WERE  
**LUCKY!**

DAN  
FIELDING,  
CO-PILOT...



VIOLA GRAVES  
STEWARDESS...



GRANT  
HARDING  
WESTERN  
MOVIE STAR...



SYLVIA  
PENN,  
HOLLYWOOD  
SEX-  
QUEEN...



ALICE  
PALMER,  
BRITISH  
SWIMMING  
CHAMPION...



MARGARET  
DAVIS, A  
SCHOOLTEACHER...



DR. HERMANN MEISTER,  
A PSYCHIATRIST...



AND DR.  
WILHELMINA  
STERN, A TOP  
WOMAN SURGEON!

HOURS LATER, DR. STERN IS FIRST TO AWAKEN...

W-WHERE AM I?

YOU ARE IN MY HOME! I AM DOCTOR FELIX WARNER. ONLY EIGHT OF THE PERSONS ABOARD SURVIVED... AND YOU ALONE ESCAPED BEING BADLY MANGLED!

BUT DON'T WORRY... ALL OF YOU ARE IN GOOD HANDS! FOR INSTANCE, YOU WERE **SCALPED**, BUT I REPLACED YOUR LOST HAIR!

YOU... SEWED MY SCALP BACK ON?

NO... **THAT** WAS IMPOSSIBLE! NEVER-THELESS, USING MY OWN MEDICAL TECHNIQUES, I HAVE REPLACED IT! AS I'VE TAKEN CARE OF YOUR FELLOW PASSENGERS!

REST NOW! IN A FEW DAYS, WHEN YOU'RE STRONGER, I'LL SHOW YOU THE RESULTS OF SOME OF MY EXPERIMENTS!

SEVERAL DAYS LATER...

TODAY I'M GOING TO SHOW YOU WHAT I'VE DONE IN THE FIELD OF SURGERY!

I'VE BEEN EAGERLY AWAITING THIS, DOCTOR!

HERE IS ONE OF MY EARLIEST EXPERIMENTS IN GRAFTING PARTS OF BODIES TOGETHER...

GREAT HEAVENS!



IT'S A DOG WITH **THREE HEADS!**.. AND THE TAIL OF A **SNAKE!** YOU'VE SUCCEEDED IN GRAFTING PARTS OF ANIMALS ONTO CREATURES OF **DIFFERENT SPECIES!**

PRECISELY!

I SET MYSELF THE DIFFICULT TASK OF RECREATING MYTHICAL CREATURES LIKE **CERBERUS**, THE **HOUND OF HADES!**

(GASP!)



YEARS AGO, I GRAFTED THE BODY OF AN **EAGLE** TO THE HINDQUARTERS OF A **LION** CUB! AS I'D HOPED, THE EAGLE PART GREW WITH THE LION PART!

A **GRIFFIN!**

SO YOU SEE, YOU NEED HAVE NO FEAR FOR YOURSELF AND THE OTHER INJURED PASSENGERS. I ASSURE YOU, I HAVE REPLACED EVERY MANGLED PART OF THEIR BODIES!



SEVERAL WEEKS LATER...

TODAY WE REMOVE THE BANDAGES TO SEE IF THE SCALP TRANSPLANT HAS WORKED PROPERLY...

WONDERFUL!

WE'LL SOON KNOW IF...



HA, HA, HA, HA!  
PERFECT!



WHY? WHY WOULD YOU DO A HORRIBLE THING LIKE THIS TO ME?



I'LL TELL YOU TOMORROW! RIGHT NOW, I MUST GET TO MY OTHER PATIENTS, MY DEAR MEDUSA.

THE FOLLOWING DAY, WARNER RETURNED TO KEEP HIS PROMISE.

FIRST I MUST SHOW YOU HOW WELL I'VE SUCCEEDED WITH YOUR FELLOW PASSENGERS. COME!



GRANT HARDING THE WESTERN MOVIE STAR! HE ALWAYS SEEMED PART OF THE HORSE HE RODE... NOW HE IS PART HORSE!

GOOD LORD! A CENTAUR!



MISS GRAVES, THE STEWARD-  
ESS! HER LEGS, ARMS AND  
BODY WERE BADLY MANGLED, BUT  
I REPLACED THEM WITH THOSE  
OF A **CONDOR**, SO SHE CAN **FLY**!

SHE'S  
A...  
**HARPY!**

THE GLAMOROUS MISS SYLVIA PENN,  
OF HOLLYWOOD NOW HAS, AS THE LOWER  
PART OF HER BODY, WHAT WAS ONCE  
PART OF A HUGE **PYTHON**!

A...  
(CHOKE)  
**LAMIA!**



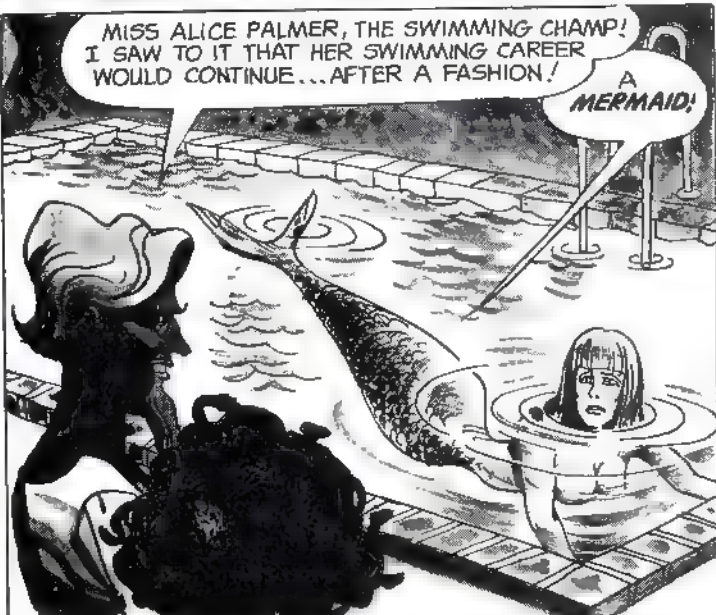
THE CO-PILOT'S HEAD WAS  
BADLY INJURED, SO I GAVE  
HIM A NEW ONE. HE STILL HAS  
HIS ORIGINAL BRAIN, HOWEVER.

YOU'VE MADE  
HIM A...  
**MINOTAUR!**



MISS ALICE PALMER, THE SWIMMING CHAMP!  
I SAW TO IT THAT HER SWIMMING CAREER  
WOULD CONTINUE...AFTER A FASHION!

A  
**MERMAID!**



YOUR COLLEAGUE, DR. MEISTER!  
I HAD TO REPLACE HIS LEGS...  
SO I ADDED THE HORNS, WHICH  
SEEMED A BEAUTIFUL TOUCH!

...TO MAKE  
HIM A COM-  
PLETE **SATYR!**



AND LAST, THE TEACHER,  
MISS DAVIS! I REPLACED  
HER MANGLED BODY WITH  
THAT OF A LION. TOO BAD  
IT'S TOO HEAVY FOR  
HER TO ACTUALLY **FLY**  
WITH THOSE CONDOR  
WINGS!

A...A  
**SPHINX!**





BUT **WHY** DID YOU DO IT? THERE WERE PLENTY OF **HUMAN** BODIES IN THAT WRECK FOR YOU TO USE! WITH YOUR TECHNIQUES, YOU COULD HAVE BECOME THE WORLD'S GREATEST SURGEON!

NOT QUITE! YOU SEE, **LEGALLY**, I AM **NOT A DOCTOR!**



"I WENT TO MEDICAL SCHOOL, ALL RIGHT, BUT A FEW WEEKS BEFORE GRADUATION, SOME OF MY PRIVATE EXPERIMENTS WERE DISCOVERED..."

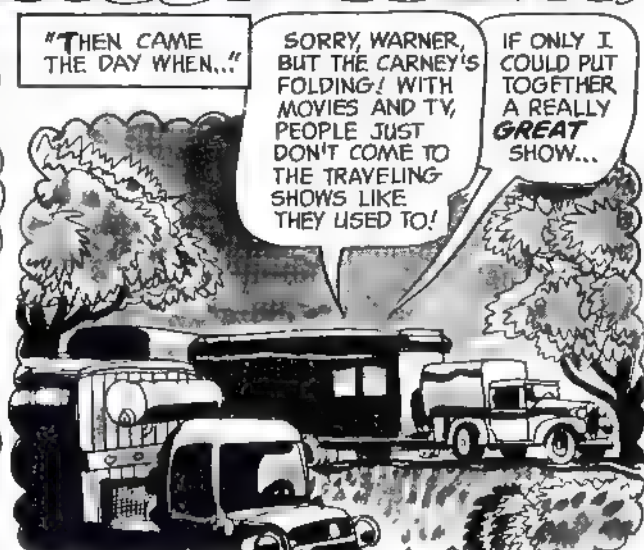
VIVISECTION IS NECESSARY TO MEDICAL EXPERIMENTATION! YES! BUT WANTON CRUELTY LIKE THIS IS INTOLERABLE! YOU'RE **EXPELLED, WARNER!**

**NO!** NOT SO CLOSE TO GRADUATION!



"I DRIFTED FOR A WHILE. I WOUND UP AS A TALKER IN A CARNIVAL MIDWAY SHOW..."

THIS IS JUST A **SAMPLE** OF WHAT YOU'LL SEE ON THE INSIDE, FOLKS!! THE PRICE OF THE TICKET IS ONLY...



"THEN CAME THE DAY WHEN..."

SORRY, WARNER, BUT THE CARNEY'S FOLDING! WITH MOVIES AND TV, PEOPLE JUST DON'T COME TO THE TRAVELING SHOWS LIKE THEY USED TO!

IF ONLY I COULD PUT TOGETHER A REALLY **GREAT** SHOW...



LATER I INHERITED THIS ISLAND ESTATE AND A FORTUNE FROM AN ECCENTRIC UNCLE! I RESOLVED TO USE IT ALL TO RE-NEW MY EXPERIMENTS... TO CREATE THE GREATEST TENT SHOW OF ALL TIME!

**NO!**



NONE OF US WILL EVER CONSENT TO SUCH A LIFE... BEING PUT ON DISPLAY IN A CARNIVAL!

INDEED? **YOU HAVE NO CHOICE!** WHAT ELSE ARE YOU GOOD FOR NOW? DO **SNAKY-HAIRED GORGONS** PERFORM SURGERY?



THE ARRANGEMENTS HAVE BEEN MADE... WE HIT THE ROAD NEXT MONTH!

THE SHOW BEGINS TOURING... WARNER HASN'T LOST HIS TOUCH AS A TALKER...

YES, INDEED, FOLKS! THERE ARE MARVELS HERE SUCH AS FEW HUMAN EYES HAVE EVER BEHELD!

MEDUSA, MY DEAR, REMOVE YOUR TURBAN!

HERE SHE IS, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN... **MEDUSA THE GORGON!** HER HAIR IS COMPOSED OF LIVING, WRITHING SERPENTS! AND THERE ARE EVEN **GREATER** ATTRACTIONS ON THE INSIDE!

HOLY MACKERAL!

ARE THOSE REAL SNAKES?

AW, IT'S A FAKE!

MAYBE... BUT I'M BUYIN' A TICKET!

AND INSIDE THE TENT, THEY FOUND **MORE** THAN THEIR MONEY'S WORTH!

... HALF WOMAN AND HALF SNAKE! WHILE MEDUSA HAS SERPENTINE HAIR, OUR **LAMIA** IS SERPENTINE AT THE **OTHER END!**

GEE, WHILLIKERS!

THEY CAN'T BE REAL, CAN THEY?

DUNNO--THEY SURE LOOK REAL!

SOMEDAY WE'LL ALL HAVE OUR REVENGE FOR WHAT HE'S DONE TO US!

THEN, ONE AFTERNOON, WHEN NO SHOW WAS BEING GIVEN...

MEDUSA, COME WITH ME! I'VE JUST MADE A FEW PURCHASES! YOU'LL HAVE TO HELP WITH AN OPERATION!

WHAT...? IS IT **POSSIBLE?**

A LION, A GOAT AND A PYTHON! TOGETHER THEY'LL BECOME A **CHIMERA!** WE'LL OPERATE TONIGHT!

GOOD! THAT WILL GIVE ME TIME TO MAKE PLANS OF MY **OWN!**

THAT EVENING, THE SURGERY WAS PERFORMED, GRAFTING THE HEAD OF THE LION AND THE TAIL OF THE SERPENT ON THE BODY OF THE GOAT!

THAT DOES IT! THE CHIMERA IS COMPLETE! IT'S TOO BAD WE CAN'T DO SOMETHING WITH THE LION'S **BODY**, AS WELL AS ITS **HEAD**!

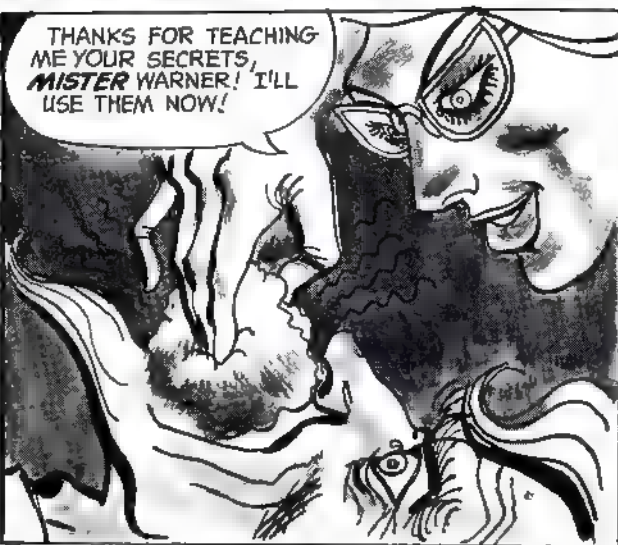


WE AREN'T GOING TO WASTE THAT **BODY**! GRAB HIM, DAN!

WHAT IN...?



THANKS FOR TEACHING ME YOUR SECRETS, **MISTER WARNER**! I'LL USE THEM NOW!



LATER THAT NIGHT, A GRAVE WAS SECRETLY DUG...FOR FELIX WARNER'S **HEADLESS BODY**!



AND TWO WEEKS LATER, **TWO** NEW ATTRACTIONS WERE UNVEILED TO THE SHOW'S AUDIENCE...ONE WAS THE **CHIMERA**...

AND NOW FOR OUR OTHER FANTASTIC, NEW BEAST... NEVER BEFORE SHOWN PUBLICLY...

THE SECOND WAS FELIX WARNER, HIS HEAD NOW ON THE BODY OF A LION, DYED **BRIGHT RED**...THE TAIL STUDDED WITH **PORCUPINE QUILLS**...THE MOUTH GLEAMING WITH **THREE ROWS OF SHARKS' TEETH**!

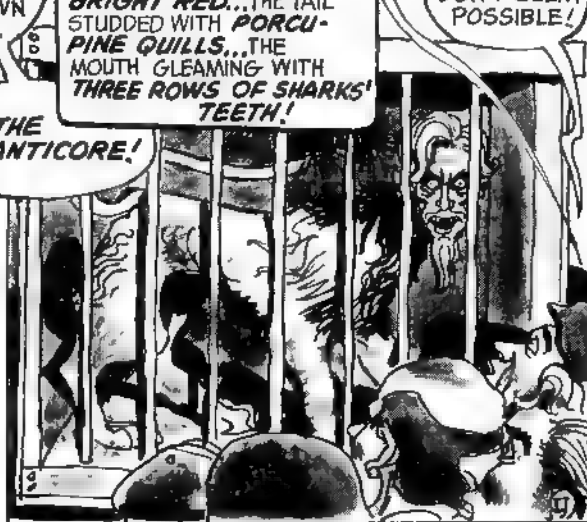
HOLY MOSES!

I'LL BE DOGGONE

IT JUST DON'T SEEM POSSIBLE!

YEP, THOSE ARE THE FRANTIC FACTS, FEAR-FANS! SOME PEOPLE IN SHOW BUSINESS LOSE THEIR **HEADS**... BUT THAT'S ALL FELIX **KEPT**! HEH! HEH! BY THE WAY, IF THERE'S A CARNIVAL IN YOUR NEIGHBORHOOD BE CAREFUL...I HEAR THE SHOW IS LOOKING FOR **NEW ATTRACTIONS**!

...THE **MANTICORE**!



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### CHAPTER 1—The Electrical Brain

The Batman (Lewis Wilson), and his young assistant, Robin, the Boy Wonder (Douglas Croft), hit on the trail of an enemy sabotage ring, when Bruce's girl friend, Linda (Shirley Patterson), asks the pair to help her free her uncle, Martin Warren (Gus Glassmire), from the clutches of the ring. The Batman learns that the ring plans to steal the city's radium supply from the city hospital, and hurries there to prevent the theft. A terrific fight ensues, and the attempted robbery is thwarted. However, during the battle, the Batman is forced to the roof, and staggered by the rain of blows poured on him, is finally sent reeling over the ledge into space!

### CHAPTER 2—The Bat Cave

The Batman lands unharmed on a painter's scaffolding, and returning to the roof, captures one of the gangsters with Robin's aid. Back at the Batman's hideout, the Bat Cave, the gangster reveals that a Dr. Daka (J. Carroll Naish) directs the ring from the House of the Open Door. Disguised, the Batman and Robin visit the Open Door, and discover Linda a prisoner there. Hacking ropes over electric cables suspended between buildings, the Batman and Robin climb to the room where she is imprisoned and overcome a number of the mobsters. Then carrying the unconscious Linda, the Batman slowly makes his way back over the cables. One of the gangsters breaks a wire and touches the raw end against the cables. Sparks and flames engulf the pair. Suddenly the Batman loses his balance and he and Linda plunge into space!

### CHAPTER 3—The Living Corpse

The Batman leaps from the car as it plunges over the cliff. At home, an assignment from Washington awaits him. He is to protect the new Lockwood airplane motor. Two of the Lockwood men are abducted by Daka and transformed into Zombies. Just before a test flight, the Batman secretly infiltrates the plane. No sooner is he hidden, than the new Zombies enter the plane dressed

in pilots' clothes. Following Daka's radio directions, the Zombies take the plane into the air. Suddenly the doctor sees the Batman on his television screen and orders the Zombies to attack. Out of control, the plane attracts attention and suffers a direct hit, and crashes to earth!

### CHAPTER 4—Poison Peril

The Zombies are killed in the crash-up, but the Batman miraculously escapes injury. Back in tow, Colton, (Charles Middleton), an old friend of Linda's uncle, is searching for him. He has discovered a radium mine. Daka learns of Colton's mine and attempts to lure him to an old smelter, in order to force him to reveal the mine's location. The Batman learns of Daka's ruse, and takes Colton's place at the rendezvous. He and Robin attack the gangster and a battle royal follows. In the melee, an acid vat is tipped over, and a stream of acid hits an exposed high-tension wire. There is a blinding flash. Debris and timber fall, burying the Batman.

### CHAPTER 5—Executioner Strikes

Robin raises the trap-door and pulls his pal to safety. Linda, now a Zombie, writes a note to the Batman asking him to meet her at an isolated building. Though suspecting a ruse, the Batman goes there. Daka's men overpower him and pack him into a crate. The crate is then tossed into a cave of ravenous alligators. It crashes down on the beasts sending them into frenzied attack!

### CHAPTER 6—Doom of the Rising Sun

Robin comes to the Batman's rescue. He knocks out one of the gangsters and frees his fighting friend. The pair crash into Daka's inner sanctum, and after a terrific battle, overpower Daka and his men. The Batman orders the doctor to return Linda and her uncle from the Zombie state to normality. After doing this, Daka, makes a break for freedom, and is accidentally plunged into the alligator pit. As the police arrive to take the gang into custody, the Batman and Robin disappear—their work, for the present, is done!

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ANY NATURE-LOVERS IN THE AUDIENCE? YOU'LL LOVE THIS TENDER SAGA OF ROMANCE IN THE WILDERNESS ... ABOUT A LITTLE WOOD-NYMPH NAMED SARA, AND THE CONSERVATION PLAN OF ...

# Sara's Forest



LOOK, KINKO!  
PEOPLE ARE COMING!  
...THE FIRST IN  
FOUR YEARS!



SARA WATCHED THE STRANGERS  
COME THROUGH THE PASS INTO THE  
VALLEY, WATCHED THEM APPROACH THE  
FOREST UNTIL SHE COULD SEE THEIR  
FACES. THEY WERE STRONG, WEATHERED  
FACES, OLDER THAN SARA, AND THEY  
MADE HER THINK OF HER FATHER, WHO  
HAD DIED WHEN SARA WAS A SMALL  
CHILD ...



WHAT WILL THEY BE  
LIKE, KINKO? IT'S  
BEEN SO LONG  
SINCE THE LAST  
ONES!



SARA'S MOTHER HAD DIED BEFORE SARA WAS OLD ENOUGH TO REMEMBER, AND NOW SHE RECALLED HER FATHER'S DYING WORDS...

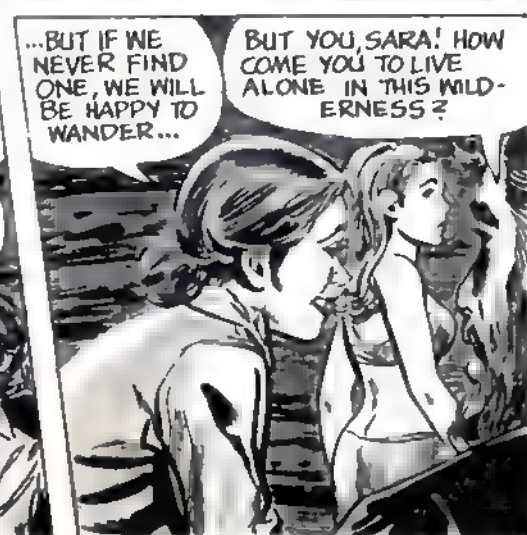
BUT THE APPROACHING COUPLE INTERRUPTED HER REVERIE ...



THOUGH STARTLED, THE MAN'S MANNER WAS OPEN AND RELAXED, AND HIS VOICE WAS FRIENDLY...



SARA WAS JUST AS GRATEFUL TO HAVE VISITORS IN HER LONELY FOREST AND SHE WAS DELIGHTED TO COOK FOR SOMEONE ELSE, AS SHE HAD FOR HER FATHER...



MY ANCESTORS HAVE ALWAYS  
TENDED THIS FOREST. MY  
PARENTS DIED AND NOW I  
WATCH OVER THE FOREST  
ALONE.

ALWAYS  
ALONE, SARA?

NO...NOT ALWAYS. OCCASION-  
ALLY A WANDERER HAPPENS  
THROUGH, BUT ONLY RARELY.  
THE LAST ONE WAS 4 YEARS  
AGO...

..AND YOU STAY  
HERE ALONE, YEAR  
AFTER YEAR! HOW  
BRAVE YOU ARE,  
SARA!

AND SO SARA AND HER TWO VISITORS CAME TO KNOW  
AND RESPECT EACH OTHER. BUT AS THE DAYS  
GATHERED INTO WEEKS, JOSEPH REALIZED THAT HIS  
LOVE FOR HIS WIFE HAD DIED. HE YEARNED FOR  
SARA, AND FINALLY, ONE DAY...HE TOLD HER SO.

...WHY JOSEPH! I'M  
SURPRISED AT YOU!  
WHAT WOULD INGRID  
THINK?

THE DEVIL TAKE INGRID! SHE'S BEEN  
TYING ME DOWN FOR YEARS! IT'S YOU I  
LOVE, SARA... AND YOU FEEL THE SAME  
WAY ABOUT  
ME!

OH, JOSEPH!!  
I HAVE LONGED FOR  
SOMEONE LIKE YOU...  
BUT I CANNOT BETRAY  
YOUR GOOD WIFE  
INGRID...

...SHE LOVES YOU AND YOU MUST  
REMAIN WORTHY OF HER. GO TO  
HER NOW. YOU'LL THANK ME FOR  
IT IN THE END.

JOSEPH WAS FURIOUS! HE COULD NOT PUT SARA FROM HIS MIND. HER REBUFF FLAMED THE SPARKS OF HIS ANGER AND HIS DESIRE... AND THE PASSION BECAME AN ALL-CONSUMING INFERNO. HIS TEMPLES THROBBED... HIS BLOOD TOOK FIRE... TENSION REACHED THE POINT OF EXPLOSION... AND INGRID WAS THE VICTIM...

NO, JOSEPH, PLEASE... DON'T...

BREATHING HEAVILY... JOSEPH BURIED THE WOMAN ON WHOM HIS FRUSTRATION HAD FOCUSED...

@\*!\$%!! I DON'T KNOW WHY I PUT UP WITH HER AS LONG AS I DID! HAD NOTHING ON HER MIND BUT HOLDING ME BACK...!

AS A MATTER OF FACT, INGRID HAD ALWAYS OFFERED JOSEPH EVERY FREEDOM, BUT JOSEPH WAS THINKING ONLY OF SARA. HE APPROACHED HER GRIEF STRICKEN...

GONE! IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT, SHE LEFT! AND HERE IS THE NOTE I FOUND ON MY PILLOW...

"... MY LOVE FOR YOU DIED LONG AGO. I HAVE GONE ON TO THE CITY. DO NOT TRY TO FOLLOW.. OH, JOSEPH! HOW COULD SHE BETRAY YOU...?"



I'LL GET OVER HER, I SUPPOSE, SOME DAY...

I'LL HELP YOU FORGET HER, JOSEPH! ... IF YOU'LL LET ME ...



YOU MEAN... YOU'LL LEAVE THE FOREST WITH ME... GO WHERE I GO ... ?

OH, NO! I CAN NEVER LEAVE. I MUST SERVE THE FOREST.

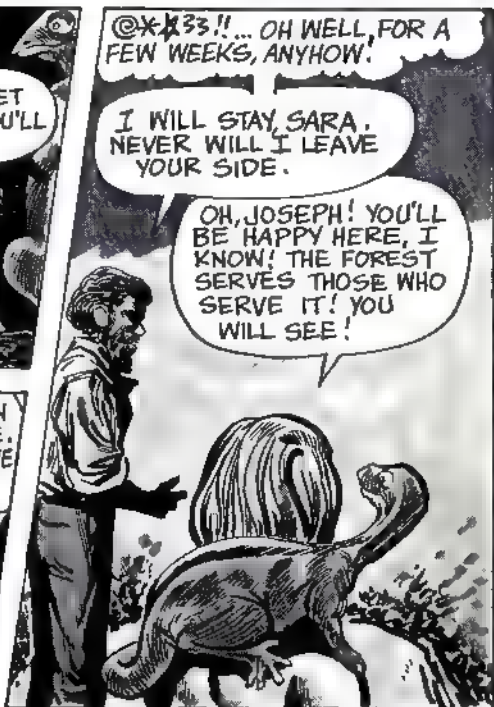
BUT IF YOU'LL STAY HERE WITH ME...



@\*!\$%!! ... OH WELL, FOR A FEW WEEKS, ANYHOW!

I WILL STAY, SARA. NEVER WILL I LEAVE YOUR SIDE.

OH, JOSEPH! YOU'LL BE HAPPY HERE, I KNOW! THE FOREST SERVES THOSE WHO SERVE IT! YOU WILL SEE!



SARA, UNSUSPECTING OF JOSEPH'S TREACHERY, WAS ENRaptured BY HIS PRESENCE, AND WANTED ONLY TO PLEASE HIM, SO THAT HE WOULD BE CONTENT LIVING IN THE FOREST...

BEFORE LONG, HOWEVER, JOSEPH TIRED OF SARA'S SUBMISSIVE ADORATION... HE LONGED FOR THE CITY. AND SO, ONE NIGHT WHILE SARA LAY SLEEPING... HE LEFT...



AWAKENED BY KINKO'S SQUEALS, SARA DASHED INTO THE WOODS...



JOSEPH STRUGGLED FOR BREATH, TO NO AVAIL. HE HEARD SARA TALKING TO THE TREES...

...AND AS HE DIED OF SUFFOCATION, HIS LAST MEMORY WAS OF SARA TOSSING AN ACORN IN WITH HIM.

DROP HIM, IN!

YOU'LL BE A MIGHTY OAK SOMEDAY, JOSEPH!


YOU SEE, I TOLD YOU THE FOREST SERVES ME IN RETURN...

JOSEPH NEVER ASKED WHAT HAPPENED TO THE OTHER WANDERERS THROUGH HERE...

...THIS WAS THE LAST ONE...

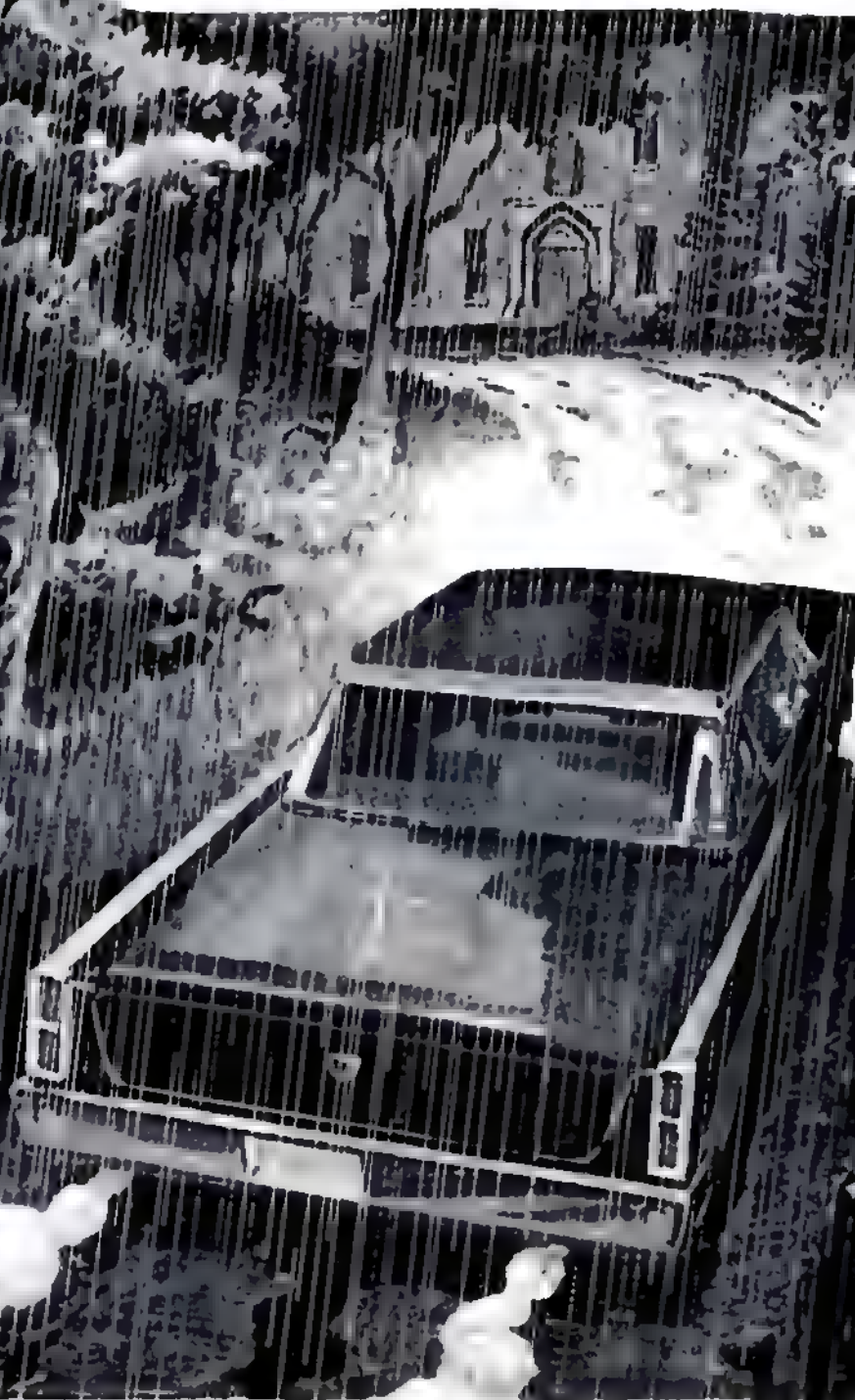
YOU'D NEVER GUESS IT'S ONLY FOUR YEARS OLD, WOULD YOU, KINKO?

A SWEETIE LITTLE GIRL LIKE THAT! TCH... WHO'D EVER HAVE SUSPECTED? I WONDER HOW LONG JOSEPH WOULD'VE LASTED IF HE HADN'T TRIED TO SNEAK OFF? HAR! IT JUST SHOWS YOU CAN'T DEFY NATURE... OR NATURE GIRLS!



DON'T BOTHER TO LOCK THE DOOR BEHIND YOU AS YOU ENTER THIS CHAMBER OF DREAD, MY FRIEND, FOR THE CREATURES OF THE DARK CANNOT BE DETERRED BY THINGS DESIGNED BY MERE MORTALS. INSTEAD, YOU MUST TRUST IN THINGS YOU CANNOT FATHOM. SIT DOWN...AND PAY SCANT ATTENTION TO ALL THE WAILINGS AND SHRIEKINGS YOU HEAR, FOR IT IS ONLY THE CRIES OF THOSE WHO HAVE TRAVELLED TO THE WORLD BEYOND AND CANNOT FIND PEACE! AND IT SO HAPPENS OUR TALE IS ABOUT SUCH THINGS AND HOW THEY COME TO BE...

# EVIL SPIRITS!



**PLODDING HEAVILY THROUGH THE RIVERS OF WATER THAT MOJRNFULLY COURSED THE SODDEN DRIVEWAY, THE CAR SLOWLY SPLASHED AND LURCHED TO A STOP BEFORE THE HUGE DOOR OF THE HULKING, DESERTED MANSION...**



**HURRIEDLY, SHE LEFT THE PROTECTION OF THE CAR AND RAN THROUGH THE TORRENTIAL RAIN TO THE DOOR WHERE THE HIGH, OVERHANGING ARCH KEPT HER RELATIVELY DRY WHILE SHE INSERTED THE LONG KEY IN THE RUSTING OLD LOCK AND OPENED THE CREAKING MASS OF WOOD...**



**HER FUMBLING HANDS SEARCHED CABINET AFTER CABINET, DRAWER UPON DRAWER, BUT THERE WERE NO CANDLES. ANGRILY, SHE REMOVED HER COAT AND IN THE MAIN SALON SHE SET ABOUT THE MAKING OF A FIRE...**

**I DON'T SEE HOW ONE MORE DAY WOULD HAVE MATTERED! I KNEW I SHOULD HAVE WAITED 'TIL TOMORROW...WE COULD HAVE DRIVEN HERE TOGETHER!**



**FOR LONG MINUTES, CYNTHIA BRENT RESTED FROM THE STRAIN OF HER WEARYING JOURNEY, THEN CLOSED THE CAR'S HEADLIGHTS, SHUT THE IGNITION AND SWORE SILENTLY...**

**...I MUST HAVE BEEN OUT OF MY MIND TO COME UP HERE ON A NIGHT LIKE THIS, NO MATTER HOW MUCH PETER WANTED ME TO! OUT OF MY MIND!**



**OLD, FAMILIAR MUSTY SMELLS GREETED HER. WITH THE DOOR CLOSED THE OMINOUS STORM OUTSIDE SEEMED QUIETER, LESS VIOLENT, BUT WHEN HER HAND FLICKED THE LIGHT SWITCH AND FOUND IT TO BE USELESS, SHE KNEW THE POWER LINES WERE DOWN AND THE STORM WAS TO BE RECKONED WITH FOR QUITE SOME TIME...**



**THE FLICKERING FLAMES GLOWED BRIGHTLY, GLOWED TEASINGLY...TAUNTINGLY...**

**NOW HERE I AM IN THIS EMPTY OLD PLACE... AND PETER... PETER IS PROBABLY WITH THAT... THAT WOMAN!**



**SHE STAYED BY THE FIRE, WARMING HERSELF, DRYING THE DAMPNESS OF HER CLOTHES, SILENTLY SMOULDERING IN JEALOUS FURY...**

WHY AM I SUCH A FOOL?  
WHY DID I MARRY HIM? I  
KNEW HE WAS NO GOOD...  
KNEW HE ONLY WANTED MY  
MONEY, THAT HE DIDN'T  
LOVE ME!



**CYNTHIA BRENT STRODE TO THE LIQUOR CABINET AND POURED A LARGE SCOTCH. SHE GULPED IT DOWN, ENJOYING THE BURN INSIDE HER THROAT, THE INNER WARMTH...**

WELL, I'M HERE. MIGHT AS WELL MAKE  
THE BEST OF IT...TRY NOT TO THINK!



**SHE GATHERED SEVERAL BOOKS AND MAGAZINES, AND WITH THE LIQUOR BOTTLE AS COMPANY, SAT BEFORE THE FIRE AND TRIED TO PASS THE HOURS, BUT HER CONCENTRATION WAS POOR, THE CRASHING THUNDER AND VIVID LIGHTNING MAKING HER JUMP NERVOUSLY...**

THAT BLASTED STORM! THIS OLD  
PLACE IS CREEPY ENOUGH  
WITHOUT HAVING **THAT** TO PUT  
UP WITH!



**SHE DOWNED ANOTHER DRINK...AND THEN ANOTHER, STARING DEEPLY INTO THE DYING FLAMES AND LISTENING TO THE FURY OF THE STORM...LISTENING AND THINKING, THINKING AND LISTENING...**

THIS IS RIDICULOUS!  
I CAN'T JUST SIT HERE  
ALL NIGHT! I'LL GO  
OUT OF MY MIND!



**DETERMINED, SHE ROSE, POURED ANOTHER DRINK AND DOWNED IT. THEN PICKING UP HER COAT AND THROWING IT ABOUT HER SHOULDERS, SHE LEFT THE ROOM AND FELT HER WAY THROUGH THE COLD DARKNESS OF THE HOUSE, UP THE STAIRWAY TO HER BEDROOM...**

PETER WILL BE HERE IN THE  
MORNING. HE PROMISED HE  
WOULD BE. SLEEP WILL MAKE  
THE TIME PASS SWIFTLY...  
SWIFTLY...



AS BEFORE, SHE RUMMAGED THROUGH EVERY POSSIBLE PLACE IN SEARCH OF A CANDLE, BUT THERE WERE NONE. TIREDLY GROPING, SHE TOOK HER NIGHTGOWN FROM HER VALISE AND CHANGED IN THE DARKNESS...



SHE GLIDED SILENTLY IN A VOID, STRIDING SLOWLY, EVER SO SLOWLY TOWARD A SILKEN VEIL THAT HUNG SUSPENDED BEFORE HER AND AS SHE NEARED IT, IT DREW FURTHER AWAY, MOCKING HER...



AND THE VEIL WAS LIFTED, LIFTED BY HUGE HANDS TO REVEAL A GIGANTIC, LAUGHING FACE, LAUGHING AND LAUGHING SO LOUDLY HER EARDRUMS ACHED, AND THE FACE WAS FAMILIAR...IT WAS **HER** FACE! MAGDA'S FACE! THE WOMAN WHO WAS WITH PETER!



CHILLED AND WEARY, CYNTHIA CRAWLED BENEATH THE HEAVY COVERS AND PRAYED FOR SLEEP...BUT SLEEP DID NOT COME EASILY, AND WHEN IT DID, DREAMS CAME WITH IT...



BEHIND THAT VEIL WAS SOMETHING FRIGHTENING, SOMETHING SHE COULD NOT BEAR TO SEE, YET **HAD** TO SEE! SHE RAN FASTER AND FASTER AND FROM THE VEIL CAME A HIDEOUS LAUGH, DERIDING HER, AND THE LAUGH WAS FAMILIAR...FAMILIAR...



AT ONCE, MAGDA'S FACE GREW SMALLER AND THEN BECAME A FIGURE RUNNING AHEAD OF CYNTHIA AND THE FIGURE WAS JOINED BY ANOTHER, AND THEN ANOTHER, AND YET ANOTHER! AND ALL OF THEM WERE PETER AND ALL OF THEM WERE RUNNING AWAY! AWAY!



IN HER DREAM, CYNTHIA CRIED OUT FOR THEM TO STOP! SHE TRIED TO SPEAK TO PETER BUT HER VOICE WAS SO WEAK IT COULD NOT BE HEARD ABOVE THE LAUGHTER, AND THE DOOR LOOMED AHEAD... A GOAL...



IN THE DOORWAY THE FIGURES STOOD TAUNTINGLY... PETER AND MAGDA...LAUGHING AND CALLING TO HER WORDS SHE COULD NOT HEAR AND SHE GREW SMALLER...



AND THE DOOR GREW LARGER AND THE FIGURES LARGER STILL, AND THE DOOR BEGAN TO CLOSE, TOWERING HIGH OVERHEAD, CLOSING ON MAGDA AND PETER AND CYNTHIA WAS POWERLESS TO STOP, TO REACH OUT, TO SPEAK...

AT ONCE, THE DOOR SLAMMED SHUT WITH A ROAR THAT DEAFENED AND IT BEGAN TO CRACK ASUNDER INTO MANY PIECES ALL OF WHICH STARTED TO RAIN DOWN UPON HER IN HEAVY, PONDEROUS SLOW MOTION, LANDING ALL ABOUT HER IN MYRIAD PATTERNS AND SOUNDS!



**SOUNDS!** BOLT UPRIGHT IN HER BED, SHE SAT, AWARE OF HER HEAVY BREATHING, HER TREMBLING NERVES, AND SHE LISTENED FOR THE SOUNDS!



THE NIGHTMARE'S PANIC RECEDED INTO THE CONSCIOUSNESS OF AWAKENING, AND GRADUALLY THE WIND AND RAIN SOUNDS OF THE STORM AT LAST PENETRATED HER AWARENESS AND SHE WAS AWAKE...AND LISTENING STILL...FOR SOMEHOW, THOUGH SHE KNEW SHE HAD BEEN DREAMING, SHE WAS ALERT NOW TO SOME **OTHER** SOUND SHE HAD HEARD...A SOUND THAT HAD NOT BEEN PART OF HER DREAM...



SHE ROSE FROM THE BED, THE COOL AIR OF THE ROOM CHILLING HER MOIST, PERSPIRING FLESH, BUT SHE PAID NO HEED, SO INTENT WAS SHE ON MOVING FROM THE ROOM, LISTENING...

NO ONE IN THE MAIN HALLWAY... COULDN'T BE PETER... **HE** WOULDN'T COME OUT HERE IN THIS WEATHER...MAYBE I ONLY IMAGINED...



**STILL** THE FEELING PERSISTED. SOMETHING TOLD HER SHE **HAD** HEARD A NOISE, NOTWITHSTANDING THE FURY OUTSIDE WITH ITS CRACKLING AND THUNDERING, SHE WAS ALMOST CERTAIN SHE HAD HEARD A STRANGE NOISE, A **SMALL** NOISE! SHE MOVED CAUTIOUSLY DOWN THE STAIRS. IN THE MAIN SALON, THE FIRE HAD DIED...

NO ONE HERE...I'LL CHECK THE CORRIDOR...



IN THE GREAT, LONG CORRIDOR CONNECTING THE TWO WINGS OF THE CASTLE, SHE STOPPED...FOR SHE HAD SEEN THE DIM GLOW OF A MOVING LIGHT SHINING FROM BEYOND THE TURN AT THE FAR END... FEAR CAME TO HER...

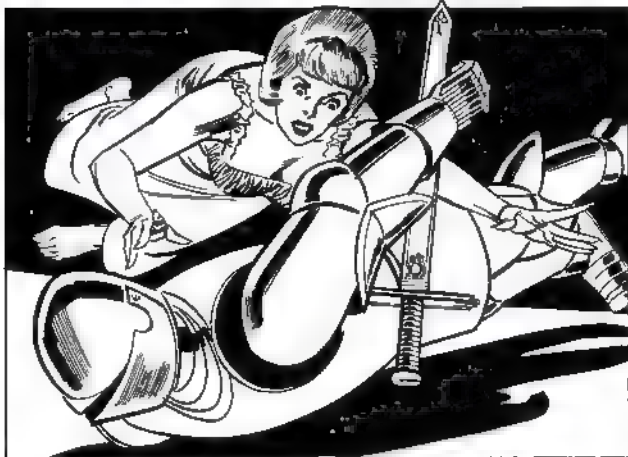
THERE...THERE **IS** SOMEONE IN HERE! I **KNOW** IT ISN'T PETER! IT MUST BE A PROWLER, THINKING THE HOUSE IS EMPTY!



**OH!** THE LIGHT...GROWING BRIGHTER! IT'S COMING THIS WAY! I HAVE TO HIDE! I HAVE TO HIDE!



CYNTHIA'S FEAR MOUNTED RAPIDLY AT THE THOUGHT OF BEING TRAPPED BY SOME UNKNOWN FIEND! TURNING QUICKLY TO RUN, SHE STUMBLER AGAINST A STANDING SUIT OF ARMOR, SENDING IT CRASHING TO THE FLOOR IN A TREMENDOUS CLATTER!



PETRIFIED, AFRAID TO CALL OUT, CYNTHIA SILENTLY MOVED AWAY, CLUMSILY MAKING HER WAY UP THE STAIRS IN TREMBLING HASTE...

THE LAST TIME PETER AND I ARGUED...WHEN I TOLD HIM I KNEW HE WAS SEEING MAGDA...HE WAS SO VERY ANGRY! HE THREATENED ME!



HER SHAKING HANDS EXPLORED BEFORE HER IN THE BLACKNESS, GROPING AND FINDING HER WAY AS SHE SEARCHED FOR A PLACE TO HIDE! ROOMS WERE TOO BIG TO BE LOST IN, TOO EASY TO BE TRAPPED IN! SHE WANTED A SMALL, DARK, UNKNOWN, EVEN INVISIBLE PLACE TO BE SAFE TILL THE TERROR WAS PAST...

THESE STEPS...THEY LEAD TO THE TOWER ROOM! I CAN LOCK MYSELF IN THERE!



THE LIGHT! IT'S GONE OUT! WHOEVER IT IS KNOWS I'M HERE! OH, MY HEAVENS! I SEE SOMEONE!



POISED IN FROZEN STANCE ON THE LANDING, WAITING AND LISTENING...AND SUDDENLY IN THE BRILLIANCE OF A CRASHING LIGHTNING BOLT, SHE SAW THE FIGURE MOVING TOWARD THE STAIRS...

IT *IS* SOMEONE AFTER ME! PETER SAID HE WOULD SEE ME DEAD, BUT I DIDN'T THINK HE MEANT IT!



BUT HOPE TURNED TO CHILLING DREAD...FOR THE DOOR TO THE TOWER ROOM WAS LOCKED!

IT WON'T OPEN! OH, WHY DOES IT HAVE TO BE LOCKED!? I'VE NOWHERE ELSE TO GO!!



SHE TURNED TO GO BACK DOWN THE STAIRS, BUT STOPPED! UNMISTAKEABLY, SHE HAD HEARD A FOOTSTEP COMING UP THE TOWER STAIRS!

I'M TRAPPED! **TRAPPED!**  
WHOEVER IT IS WILL **KILL** ME!



A LIGHTNING FLASH MOMENTARILY REVEALED THE GLEAMING FORM OF A HUGE BATTLE AXE ADORNING THE WALL! WITH SWEATING, TREMBLING HANDS SHE GRASPED THE WEAPON...AND THE SOUND ON THE STAIR WAS CLOSER!



SHE WAITED, TREMBLING VIOLENTLY, THE MASSIVE WEIGHT OF THE BATTLE AXE STRAINING HER EVERY FIBRE, HER EVERY NERVE TINGLING IN PANIC, HER EVERY SENSE REELING AND WHIRLING IN FRENZIED FEAR!

AND THEN, SUDDENLY THE FIGURE TURNED THE FINAL CORNER! THE RUSTLE OF CLOTHING AND HURTLING FORM, A THRUSTING GLEAM LUNGING FORWARD, THE CRASHING, CRUSHING WEIGHT OF THE AXE SLASHING DOWN WITH ALL HER STRENGTH IN THE BLAZING GLARE OF LIGHTNING, SHRIEKS AND SCREAMS LOST IN THE FOLLOWING ROAR OF THUNDER!

PETER? PETER, IS THAT YOU?! IF IT **IS** YOU, PETER, TELL ME!! **TELL ME!**  
PLEASE, PLEASE, **PLEASE!**



SORRY TO CONFRONT YOU WITH SUCH AN UGLY THING, MR. BRENT, BUT WE HAVE TO ASK YOU A FEW QUESTIONS, YOU KNOW. DON'T MIND, DO YOU?

OF COURSE NOT, INSPECTOR! YOU SAY THE CARETAKER DISCOVERED THE BODIES EARLIER THIS MORNING?



YES... SAID HE WAS COMING HERE TO OPEN THE HOUSE FOR YOU. HE DIDN'T KNOW YOUR WIFE HAD ARRIVED LAST NIGHT. HE SAW YOUR WIFE'S CAR PARKED IN FRONT, AND YOUR... ER... LADY FRIEND'S CAR BY THE SIDE ENTRANCE, SO HE SEARCHED THE HOUSE. HE FOUND THEM BOTH ON THE TOWER STAIRS... YOUR FRIEND MAGDA LARSON KILLED BY AN AXE, YOUR WIFE STABBED WITH A SWORD THAT BELONGED TO AN ARMOR STATUE WE FOUND LYING IN THE CORRIDOR!

GHASTLY.



I'LL COME RIGHT TO THE POINT, MR. BRENT. THE NEWSPAPERS HAVE BEEN FULL OF ALL THE TROUBLE YOU'VE BEEN HAVING WITH YOUR WIFE AND... AND MAGDA LARSON! IT'S NO SECRET... AND WITH BOTH OF THEM NOW DEAD...

OF COURSE, MY FINE INSPECTOR. I DO UNDERSTAND, AND YOU'RE RIGHT... IT COULD HAVE DEVELOPED INTO A RATHER NASTY BUSINESS, BUT THIS DOES SEEM TO END IT ALL, DOESN'T IT?



NOT QUITE, MR. BRENT! WE FOUND THIS REVOLVER IN MAGDA LARSON'S COAT POCKET. WE CHECKED, AND IT'S HER'S, ALL RIGHT! WE THINK SHE CAME HERE LAST NIGHT TO DO AWAY WITH YOUR WIFE... TO GIVE HERSELF A CLEAR FIELD WITH YOU, AND, INCIDENTALLY, LEAVE YOU HEIR TO YOUR WIFE'S FORTUNE!

WELL, THAT DOES SOUND LIKE MAGDA'S WAY OF DOING THINGS, BUT IT'S POSSIBLE THEY AGREED TO MEET HERE TO TRY TO REACH AN UNDERSTANDING... AND FAILED TO!



POSSIBLY. BUT JUST FOR THE RECORD, WE'D LIKE TO KNOW WHAT PART **YOU** PLAYED IN ARRANGING SUCH A NEAT SET-UP!

ME, INSPECTOR? WHY, I'VE HAD NO PART IN IT AT ALL! NOT AT **ALL**! AND IF YOU'RE WONDERING IF I HAVE AN ALIBI... WELL, I **DO**! A **PERFECT** ALIBI!

COME OUT, MY DEAR...



INSPECTOR, I'D LIKE YOU TO MEET MISS SHARIE GORDON... MY ALIBI! YOU SEE, I SPENT ALL LAST EVENING WITH HER! SHE'LL VOUCH FOR IT!

I GET IT... A NEW GIRL FRIEND ALREADY, EH?





NOW, NOW, INSPECTOR, THAT'S NAUGHTY TALK! BUT IF YOU'RE ALL THROUGH HERE, I'LL SAY GOODBYE!

COME INSIDE, MY DEAR... EVER BEEN IN A REAL CASTLE BEFORE?

NO, I HAVEN'T... IS IT A REAL, REAL CASTLE, PETER?



OF COURSE, MY DEAR. I'LL SHOW IT TO YOU ROOM BY ROOM... ... LATER.

PETER, YOU'RE SIMPLY TERRIBLE! HERE YOUR WIFE HAS JUST BEEN KILLED, AND THAT OTHER WOMAN, TOO, AND ALL YOU THINK ABOUT IS M M M M M M M



PETER, STOP IT! WHY, YOU'RE JUST AWFUL! I GUESS THAT'S WHAT MAKES YOU SO... EXCITING!

IT'S JUST THE BEGINNING, MY DEAR. JUST THE BEGINNING OF A WONDERFULLY RICH AND PLEASURABLE LIFE... FOR JUST THE TWO OF US!



OH, PETER, YOU OUGHTN'T TO TALK LIKE THAT... SO SOON AFTER...WELL, NOT HERE, ANYWAY. THOSE TWO WOMEN KILLED EACH OTHER HERE, AND...

HA, HA, HA! OH, SHARIE, MY DEAR, YOU'RE SO INNOCENT! SO NAÏVE! WHY, THERE'S NOTHING TO FEAR! YOU SURELY DON'T BELIEVE IN GHOSTS, DO YOU?



NO...OF COURSE NOT! IT'S JUST THAT IT'S SUDDENLY SO COLD AND CLAMMY IN HERE! DON'T YOU FEEL IT?

RIDICULOUS! ABSOLUTELY RIDICULOUS! HA, HA, HA! YOU'RE SUCH A CHARMER!

AND A HEARTY HA, HA, HA, TO YOU, TOO, FRIEND! WELL... PETER AXED FOR IT, DIDN'T HE? SWORD OF MAKES YOU THINK TWICE ABOUT PULLING ANY FAST ONES! BETTER EXAMINE YOUR OWN ACTIVITIES AND...AND ...AND LOOK OUT BEHIND YOU!



The End

# EERIE FAN FARE

Step right up . . . wretched wayfarers . . . at last you can join me in an EERIE-pressible exposition of entertaining exorcism. Hurry . . . hurry . . . hurry . . . admission to my next act of atrocious acrobatics won't cost you a "slime" . . . for any of you fear foundlings who'd care to buy a ticket to ride my fear-some ferriswheel of EERIE FAN FARE! Beginning with this Mardi Gras of monster muck, EERIE FAN FARE becomes a permanent part of my putrid parchment . . . and all you fear-clowns are invited to join the circus. Why even that lanky Lucifer of alarming literature . . . **UNCLE CREEPY** . . . will groan with envy when he eyes my clotted carnival of convulsing contributions. Serves him right . . . thinking he's the only one who could dream up a disbusting dictionary of delirious demonology. Now each issue . . . I'll be horror hosting my own little ghastly get-together waiting for all you gloating, gore gluttons to deluge my dismal door with your deathly drawings . . .



## In Memoriam Rocco Mastroserio 1927 - 1968

The little boy stopped his sidewalk scribbling only when his mother had called him for the third time . . . how he loved spending his time, chalking the city with funny faces. Once grown, that same youngster would kindle the dreams of his childhood, into the monument of a brilliant career, now tragically snuffed out in the early hours on March 5, 1968.

Rocco Mastroserio was probably as close to being a "born" artist as anyone will ever be. From the crib on Staten Island where he was born June 8, 1927, until he won his first medal in an art contest only a few years later, people knew that Rocco was a gifted lad.

His parents encouraged him to enter the School of Industrial Arts, hoping to give root to his budding talent. By the time he had graduated, Rocco knew his vocation in life had been catalogued into the columns of the comic book empire he had grown to love. At Continental Comics, he joyfully joined their ranks as an inker, moving on to National Comics where his eager pursuit of his craft, deluged him in an ankle deep variety of exciting assignments. He quickly adapted himself to the challenge, lettering, doing paste ups and occasionally providing cartoonish fill ins. Rocco's star seemed to be burning bright.

With the eruption of WW II, Rocco was drafted and for a brief moment, it appeared that his talent had been put into uniform. Once again however, fate predicted his destiny as an artist and he was assigned to the Marine Corps Institute in Washington, D.C. There as an illustrator, and while serving his country as well as his own need to expand himself creatively, Rocco gained invaluable experience which he was to utilize in the near future.

Rocco Mastroserio was discharged from the Marine Corps in the befitting manner in which he had served it; honorably. He immediately assumed his former goals by enrolling in the Cartoonists and illustrators School which he attended at night for three years. When he wasn't study-drawing, Rocco devoted his remaining moments to free lancing for firms who eagerly sought his expansive handiwork. Indeed, so expert had Rocco become in the many techniques of the profession, there was hardly any assignment he could not handle . . . perfectly.

Following the comic book crash of 1955, Rocco fulfilled his doubts about the industry with the pen and pencil at his drawing board in Charlton Publications. Charlton had not forgotten the man with the many talents. For Rocco Mastroserio, the shaky pieces of the puzzle had at last fitted together for him.

Now that he is gone, we here at Warren wish to say that our privilege to have known and worked with Rocco can only be exceeded by our deep sorrow at his passing. Just as he left behind the legend of his work as a memory of a great artist, so too did his love for people remind us of his greatness as a person. For Rocco Mastroserio was first, a fine human being, and second a great and dedicated artist. Sleep well Rocco; you leave behind an immortality few men can hope to attain.

B.P.



Amateur Fan Brutal Bruce Jones serves us a hearty horror helping . . . guaranteed to get you gagging! First . . . an intriguing inking of some highly infuriated insects (above) . . . seem to be driving our prehistoric Prometheus . . . buggy! Poor buy . . . It's obvious this agile anthropoid's got a bad case of . . . ants in the pants . . . More from Bruce (below).



More fan art by Bruce Jones . . . this jarring gentleman sure "fouled" himself up. Imagine how he felt when his gorgeous grue-mate and their bouncing, bubonic babe . . . caught him "reeking" in after hours! Oh well . . . no sense going all to pieces over it . . . she's sure to give him a chance to . . . patch things up . . . once he pulls himself together.

### FAN FARE FUN

Hey gang . . . want to contribute your art or stories to your leary COUSIN EERIE for his FAN FARE page? Drop him some devastating doodles!

Send your trash to:  
**EERIE FAN FARE PAGE,**  
Eerie Magazine, 22 E. 42 St.  
New York, N.Y. 10017

AND YOU HAVE DONE  
US A SERVICE  
BY SLAYING  
THE BOY  
IT'S RACE  
AND OURS ARE  
IN CONSTANT  
WAR!



Here's a perplexing partnership that'll simply drive you "ape". A guest from our rival **CREEPY FAN CLUB** . . . yechhhh . . . Richard Corben, #2222 . . . assures me that the bristly beast (top pix) is really "nuts" about the beauty . . . ugh . . . I'm kinda doubtful about that . . . seems to me she's got her nose in the air about the whole thing . . .

# NEW! "IRON-ON" MONSTERS

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THE RELENTLESS OCEAN SURF POUNDS A TATOO AGAINST THE CLIFFS BELOW. AS A GROUP OF LAUGHING, CHATTERING GUESTS DEPART HAPPILY FROM THE LARGE ULTRA MODERN STRUCTURE SPRAWLING ATOP THE ROCK-FACED PINNACLES THEIR HIGH PRAISE AND GAY COMMENTS RIPPLING THROUGH THE NIGHT AIR. FOR A PARTY HAS ENDED HERE BUT, IT'S REALLY ONLY THE BEGINNING OF MY TALE ABOUT THE MACABRE MASTERWORK I CALL...

# THE MONUMENT

FANTASTIC! THE HOUSE IS TRULY AN ARCHITECTURAL MILESTONE!

PURE GENIUS!

EVAN SLATER IS BRILLIANT!

EVERYONE THOUGHT HIS FIRM WAS ON ITS WAY DOWN...

...NOW THEY'LL FIGHT TO AWARD HIM CONTRACTS!!

Max Toth

ONE YEAR EARLIER, THERE HAD BEEN NO PRAISE FOR EVAN SLATER ASSOCIATES!

THE DESIGN FIRM WAS IN TROUBLE!

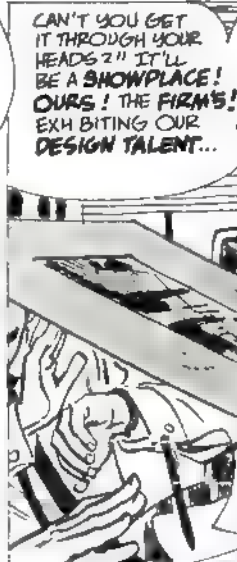
JUNK! THE SAME PAP WE'VE BEEN PEDDLING FOR YEARS! I WANT IMAGINATION... AND DARING!!!

B BUT, EVAN, OUR DESIGN DEPARTMENT'S WORKED FOR MONTHS! THIS IS OUR BEST!!!



THAT'S **PRECISELY** WHY WE'RE **LOSING BUSINESS !!** OUR 'BEST' JUST **ISN'T GOOD ENOUGH ANYMORE!** WE CAN'T SEEM TO COME UP WITH ANYTHING **NEW... DIFFERENT !!!**

BUT THIS PLAN OF **YOURS**, EVAN... HOW DO YOU JUSTIFY WASTING OUR **DWINDLING CAPITAL** BY BUILDING A PRIVATE HOME FOR **YOU ?!!**



CAN'T YOU GET IT THROUGH YOUR **HEADS ?!!** IT'LL BE A **SHOWPLACE!** OURS ! THE **FIRM'S!** EXHIBITING OUR **DESIGN TALENT...**

A HUNK OF ARCHITECTURE SO GREAT THAT OUR FIRM'S REPUTATION WILL BE **REMADE BY IT !!...**

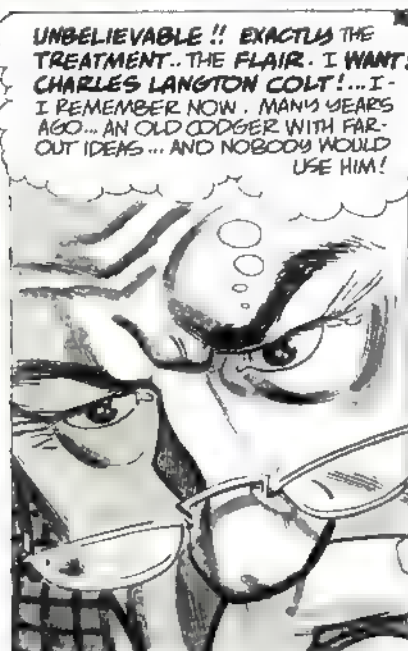
SO, KEEP LOOKING... FOR THE **NEW, THE BOLD, DARING, BRILLIANT!** AND DON'T SETTLE FOR **LESS THAN THAT...** BECAUSE I **WON'T !!!**



**T**HERE WAS NO EASY SOLUTION... SLATER KEPT ON WITH HIS OWN **DESPERATE SEARCH...** ANYWHERE... AND EVERYWHERE...

WHAT'S THIS ?!! WHO DO THESE BELONG TO ?!!

ROGER'S BEEN CLEANING OUT THE OLD PLAN FILES AND STORAGE BINS, EVAN ! SOME OF THAT STUFF'S BEEN AROUND FOR **FIFTEEN TWENTY YEARS ..!**



**UNBELIEVABLE !! EXACTLY THE TREATMENT..THE FLAIR. I WANT! CHARLES LANGTON COLT !... I- I REMEMBER NOW , MANY YEARS AGO... AN OLD GADGETER WITH FAR-OUT IDEAS ... AND NOBODY WOULD USE HIM!**

W/ WHEREVER HE WAS... THE OLD MAN HAD TO BE FOUND! HAD TO BE **ALIVE !...**



**CHARLES LANGTON COLT, YOU'RE GOING TO DESIGN MY DREAMHOUSE ... AND I WON'T TAKE 'NO' FOR AN ANSWER !!**

NO, MR. SLATER !!!

LISTEN TO ME, COLT! YOU'RE DYING AWAY IN THIS FLEABAG HOTEL ROOM! WASTING YOUR TALENT ON BALSA WOOD MODELS NO ONE WILL EVER SEE! HOW CAN YOU - ?

I VOWED A LONG TIME AGO, TO WORK ONLY FOR MYSELF! NO ONE ELSE APPRECIATES MY WORK... !!!



SLATER'S MIND WORKED QUICKLY... HE **HAD** TO HAVE COLT'S WORK!

THEN LET IT BE **YOURS**! MY FIRM WILL PUT UP THE MONEYS... BUILD IT JUST THE WAY YOU WANT!! TO SUIT **YOUR** NEEDS! A **MONUMENT** TO YOUR **GENIUS** !!!

...MONUMENT ?...

**SURE!** IT'LL BECOME AN ARCHITECTURAL SHRINE! THE HOME OF **CHARLES LANGTON COLT** ...

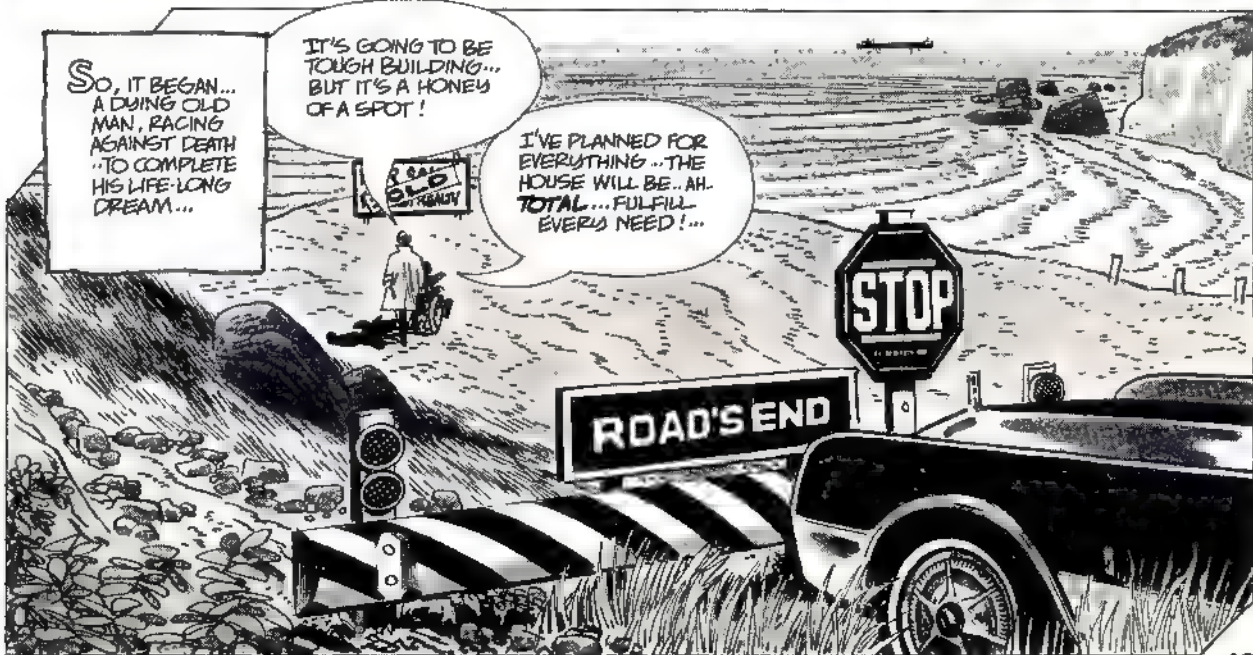
I'M OLD, SLATER... MY HEALTH, FAILING RAPIDLY... BUT SINCE THIS LENDS ITSELF TO A PROJECT I'VE LONG HAD IN MIND... **I'LL DO IT !!!**

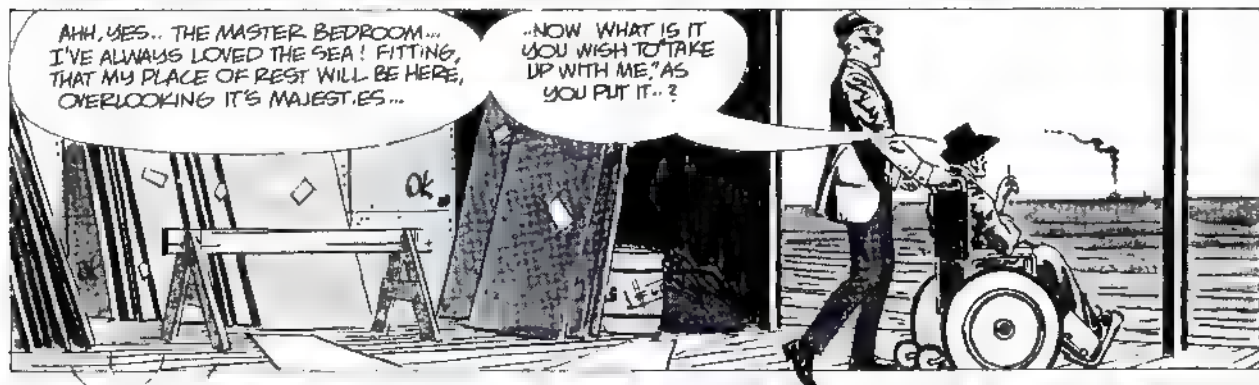


SO, IT BEGAN... A DYING OLD MAN, RACING AGAINST DEATH... TO COMPLETE HIS LIFE-LONG DREAM...

IT'S GOING TO BE TOUGH BUILDING... BUT IT'S A HONEY OF A SPOT!

I'VE PLANNED FOR EVERYTHING... THE HOUSE WILL BE... AH... **TOTAL**... FULFILL EVERY NEED!...





THE TRAGIC ACCIDENT WAS NOT GIVEN WIDE-SPREAD PUBLICITY.. PROMOTION WAS QUITE VOLUMINOUS, HOWEVER, ON EVAN SLATER AND HIS NEW "DREAM HOUSE"!

BY THE TIME OF HIS HOUSE WARMING GALA, NO ONE COULD EVEN REMEMBER, IN PASSING, THE NAME **CHARLES LANGSTON COLT**...

EVERY NOTABLE IN THE WORLD OF ARCHITECTURE IS HERE TONIGHT —!

FANTASTIC WORK, THIS!

WONDERFUL!  
I'VE NEVER SEEN ANYTHING AS DARING...!

AFTER TONIGHT, THERE'S ONLY ONE NOTABLE IN THE DESIGN WORLD. **EVAN SLATER !!!**

THE GALA ENDED ALMOST TOO SOON FOR ONE VERY ELATED MR SLATER..

WHAT A BRAWL! THE FIRM'LL BE **SWAMPED** WITH COMMISSIONS FROM NOW ON... **THEY LOVED THE HOUSE... !!!**

... AND WHY NOT ? COLT THOUGHT OF **EVERYTHING!** AUTOMATIC LIGHTS, DOORS, CLIMATE CONTROLS... **THE HOUSE OF THE FUTURE !!!**

BEDROOM DOORS HISSED SHUT BEHIND HIM WITH A CLICK!

SOUNDPROOF BEDROOM... OCEAN VIEW... **CHARLES LANGSTON COLT DIDN'T OMIT A THING !...**

... **GREAT NIGHT!** I'VE EARNED A LONG REST!..

SLATER'S HEAD HAD BARELY TOUCHED THE PILLOW WHEN A WHIR OF SOLENOID ACTIVATED CONTROLS WAS HEARD--AND..

WHAT..?!

CLICK! SSSSSSSSS  
CHARLES LANGSTON COLT SPEAKING..THIS IS A RECORDING!..

WALL PANELS OPENED BEHIND SLATER.. ODD, ALMOST SINISTER MACHINERY, NOW SET INTO MOTION, WAS REVEALED..

HELP! SOMEBODY HELP GET ME LOOSE!

CLICK! IT IS PROGRAMMED FOR NON-STOP RE-PLAYING UNTIL I AM FOUND, AND THIS RECORDER IS SHUT OFF!..



FROM EACH SIDE OF THE BED, TWO MECHANICAL "ARMS" CAME INTO VIEW MOVING UP, AND THEN TOWARDS SLATER'S CAPTIVE FORM..

...THE COMPLETION OF THIS HOUSE MARKS THE CULMINATION OF ALL MY DREAMS...I'VE NO DESIRE TO OUTLIVE IT... AND, THUS...

YE GODS! COLT BUILT IN HIS OWN EMBALMING MACHINE!!



JUST INSIDE EACH ELBOW, SLATER FELT THE SUDDEN, SHARP PROBE OF NEEDLES!

...THE CHARLES LANGSTON COLT HOUSE STANDS AS A MONUMENT TO MY CREATIVE TALENTS! I CAN THINK OF NO MORE FITTING STRUCTURE TO HOUSE MY REMAINS--AND SERVE AS MY TOMB... CLICK! SSSSSSS...



EVAN SLATER FELL BACK HELPLESSLY, AS HIS LIFE'S BLOOD DRAINED SLOWLY FROM HIS BODY...

THE ROOM SPUN WILDLY ABOUT HIM, AS HIS FAST-DIMINISHING CONSCIOUSNESS ABSORBED COLT'S LAST WORDS...

CLICK! SSSSSSS... MY TOMB... MY TOMB... MY TOMB... MY TOMB...



BUILDING COLT'S HOUSE WAS A BIG DRAIN ON EVAN SLATER, TO BE SURE, BUT HE'S GOT AN ENDLESS SUPPLY OF TIME TO REST UP!

NOW, IF YOU'RE TOO SHOOK UP TO REST, TAKE A LOOK AT THE NEXT L.I.L CHILLER I'VE CONSTRUCTED FOR YOU!



# THE CRAWLING HAND

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WHAT HAPPENS when a runaway planet plays hockey from stellar space? Another universe calls in a space scientist to stop exploding missiles, and trouble in the skies. This is a truly wonderful space-and-science film . . . one you won't ever forget. So get it today! 8mm, 160 feet, \$3.75



## WAR OF THE COLOSSAL BEAST

A monster of the Atomic Age! A towering terror from Hell! The story of a man trapped in the blast of a plutonium bomb—and the terrible events that followed. Only \$5.95.



## THE BLOB

Teenagers see what looks like a shooting star blaze to earth. At its landing spot they find an old man writhing in pain, his hand covered with a strange substance. They rush him to a doctor, who watched the substance spreading before his eyes. The Blob continues to spread, & terrorize the town. Only \$5.95.



## IT CAME FROM OUTER SPACE

WHAT HAPPENS WHEN A SPACE SHIP loaded with stellar monsters goes out of control! They land on earth and battle a brave scientist trying to save the earth. Is he successful? This scary film tells you what really happens. 160 feet, 8mm, \$5.75.



## ABBOTT & COSTELLO MEET DR. JEKYLL & MR. HYDE

AMERICA'S MOST MIRTHFUL COMEDIANS meet the world's most monstrous Monsters . . . and that's where the fun begins. Dr. Jekyll gives Costello a drug, turns him into a monster. Everything goes crazy and Scotland Yard goes mad. Monsters can be fun, and this film is the funniest! 8mm, 160 feet, \$5.75.



## ABBOTT & COSTELLO MEET FRANKENSTEIN

THE WHO'S WHO of the MONSTER WORLD team up in the funniest monster film ever made. Imagine Frankenstein, Dracula, The Wolf Man and The Invisible Man combining their eerie talents to trap Abbott & Costello. They even suggest using Costello's brain for the Monsters. Great fun! 8mm, 100 feet, \$5.75.



## ABBOTT & COSTELLO IN ROCKET & ROLL

THE FUNNIEST COMICS in Hollywood double up for a crazy rocket trip through outer space. Beauties and cuties in Venus tempt them. The runaway rocket ship scares the life out of them. And through it all Abbott & Costello give a hilarious performance that will make you "die" laughing. 8mm, 160 feet, \$5.75.

NOW FOR THE FIRST TIME—  
THE 3 STOOGES IN

# 3D

Aside from the special color-filter viewers supplied with the film, no special equipment is needed. No special screen . . . no special projector. Just watch the startling action! Sixty feet of film.



# Spooks

The Stooges in a hilarious slapstick romp . . . funnier than ever in 3-D. So real they seem to jump right out of the screen. When something is thrown . . . you duck! Only \$4.95.

# TALES of HORROR



This 3-D Stooge comedy is a wild tale that takes place in an old haunted house. Our 3-Dimensional Stooges are mixed up with all sorts of deadly weapons . . . Only \$4.95.



## EAST SIDE KIDS MEET BELA LUGOSI

YOU'LL DIE LAUGHING as the East Side Kids match their side-splitting stunts with Bela Lugosi's terror-filled action. Featuring Bela Lugosi and the original East Side Kids. Only \$5.95.



## WE WANT OUR MUMMY

Hired as detectives, our 3 friends take a hilarious taxi ride to Egypt. And when they enter the tomb . . . WOW! Only \$5.95

Please rush me the following, for which I enclose \$..... plus 25c postage & handling for each film checked:

- ☐ The 4-D Man, \$5.95
- ☐ War Of The Planets, \$5.75
- ☐ War Of The Colossal Beast, \$5.95
- ☐ The Blob, \$5.95
- ☐ It Came From Outer Space, \$5.75
- ☐ A. & C. Meet Dr. Jekyll & Mr. Hyde, \$5.75
- ☐ A. & C. Meet Frankenstein, \$5.75
- ☐ A. & C. In Rocket and Roll, \$5.75
- ☐ East Side Kids Meet Bela Lugosi, \$5.95
- ☐ We Want Our Mummy, \$5.95
- ☐ Spooks in 3-D, \$4.95
- ☐ Tales Of Horror in 3-D, \$4.95

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New York, New York 10017

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# NEW!!! JUST ARRIVED

# MOVIE MONSTER MODELS

With delight as you assemble these up-  
hominic, life-like bits of the most marvelous  
monsters that have thrilled and chilled  
audiences over the past 30 years on the  
"silver screen." These perfectly scaled  
model bits are made of styrene plastic by  
Aurora, quality manufacturers of plastic  
models, hobby sets. All models stand 12"

and come complete in every detail.  
Just as you see them here. Each model has  
approximately twenty-five separate pieces  
complete with all the exciting features.  
You paint these yourself with colors drying  
normal, and when you're finished, the  
moving figures seem to come to life and  
look as if they'll start parading around  
your room.

## GODZILLA

Monsters from a  
million years ago.  
Now you can build  
a perfect replica of  
this Ancient Terror-  
Master! His creature  
has such size, his  
fantastic power and  
is always ready to  
clash with the forces  
of destruction.



## PHANTOM OF THE OPERA

The mask is off! The  
model is new and  
plastic gump made  
fantastic up on your  
wall from a face  
asked in horror.  
Here is all the de-  
tail of the Ghost of  
the Opera.  
Dressed with cape,  
mask and collar,  
with his companion  
the vampire cat and  
Hound, his mask held  
high. And below  
the shadowed window  
face which an eerie  
face watches the  
outside world—and  
awaits for  
revenge.



**THE MUMMY**—You'll be delighted at the  
many uses of old Egyptian myths. The  
model is a double task with features  
you can use for the Mummy together. Be  
careful how you place the sacred stones  
that contain the magic signs—do have  
care. The mummy—do you know all  
about that? don't you?



**WOLF MAN**—In his hairy gory spider, some  
upstairs, ready to clutch his next victim.  
Complete in every detail. This kit when you  
assemble it before you run out of the  
room, is a detailed scale model of "WOLF  
MAN" surrounded by his favorite play-  
mates.



**THE CREATURE FROM THE LAGOON**—We see  
you to put this one together. Horror  
fresh, straight from the water. A monster  
with scales as real as don't start your  
self on the razor sharp claws. Watch this  
head on you attack it. What's that?

## KING KONG

The first and  
greatest of them  
all. Terror of the  
Ancient World.  
Married of  
the Age. All men  
are recognized  
when you build  
this perfect model  
with all the many  
details that  
almost bring  
King Kong  
back to life.



**THE HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME**—As you start to build  
this greatest of all horror characters. You will see  
the physical outline, but the Sam'sell and the  
made for Disney's performance a great classic. QUASH-  
MOUTH, the NO BIRD, is on the high in the city square.  
A victim runs through around his neck. The female is  
there. His throat is pierced with silver. He looks up  
gloriously from his tombstone.



**FRANKENSTEIN**—This great model is made  
up of 25 separate parts. When complete it  
stands over 12". You paint it yourself with  
solid drying enamel and when finished the  
moving figure of this great monster ap-  
pears to walk right off the QUASHMOUTH  
base that is part of the kit.



**DRACULA**—The count of midnight, hands  
stretched out in his famous "Terror  
Finch" (fence of you with chilling eyes  
and grasping hands, lamp-like teeth-hunger  
for the taste of blood. In a twisted tree  
hang the of his hair with but pale.

**CAPITAN COMPANY DEPT. 310-315**  
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New York, New York 10017

Many up and used but I never thought I'd  
get the chance to build my very own MOVIE  
MONSTER. The basement is ready. my  
fingers are itching to get to work. I want to:

- ☐ THE MUMMY KIT \$1.00 plus 25¢ for postage & handling.
- ☐ CREATURE FROM THE LAGOON plus 25¢ for postage & handling. \$1.00
- ☐ FRANKENSTEIN MONSTER KIT plus 25¢ for postage & handling. \$1.00
- ☐ DRACULA MONSTER KIT plus 25¢ for postage & handling. \$1.00
- ☐ INCHMAN MONSTER KIT plus 25¢ for postage & handling. \$1.00
- ☐ THE HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME MONSTER KIT plus 25¢ for postage & handling. \$1.00
- ☐ PHANTOM OF THE OPERA MONSTER KIT plus 25¢ for postage & handling. \$1.00
- ☐ GODZILLA \$1.00 plus 25¢ for postage & handling.
- ☐ KING KONG \$1.00 plus 25¢ for postage & handling.

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# NEW!!! JUST ARRIVED

## GODZILLA

Monster from a million years ago. Now you can build a perfect replica of this Ancient Terror-Monster. His massive feet smash cities, his fantastic paws are always ready to strike with the force of a hurricane.



## KING KONG

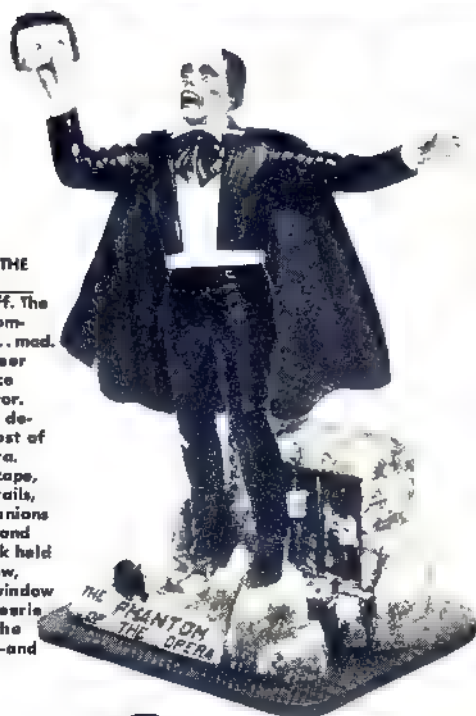
The first and greatest of them all. Terror of the Ancient World . . . Marvel of the Ages. All can be recaptured when you build this perfect model with all the many details that almost bring King Kong back to life.



# MOVIE MONSTER

## PHANTOM OF THE OPERA

The mask is off. The mind is now completely gone... mad. Frantic eyes peer out from a face etched in horror. Here is all the detail of the Ghost of the Paris Opera. Dressed with cape, black tie and tails, with his companions the sewer rat and lizard, his mask held high. And below, the dungeon window thru which an eagle face watches the outside world—and screams for revenge.



**THE HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME.** As you start to build this greatest of all Monster characters, you will see not only the physical ugliness, but the beautiful soul that made Len Chaney's performance a great classic. QUASI-MODO, the HORRIBLE, is on the block in the city square. A vicious rope hangs around his neck. His hands are in chains, his throat is parched with thirst. He looks up in ghastly fear at his tormentors.

# MODELS

You'll shake! You'll tremble! You'll shudder with delight as you assemble these authentic, life-like kits of the most marvelous monsters that have thrilled and chilled audiences over the past 30 years on the "silver screen." These perfectly scaled model kits are made of styrene plastic by Aurora, quality manufacturer of scale model hobby sets. All models stand 12"

tall and come complete in every detail, just as you see them here. Each model has approximately twenty five separate pieces complete with all the exciting touches. You paint these yourself with quick drying enamel, and when you're finished, the menacing figures seem to come to life and look as if they'll start parading around your room.



**THE MUMMY**—You'll be delighted at the musty smell of old Egyptian tombs. The real life death-like look with fascinate you as you put the Mummy together. BE CAREFUL how you place the sacred stones that contain the magic signs—or there can be trouble. The snake—but you know all about that... don't you?



**WOLF MAN**—In all his gory splendor, arms upraised, ready to clutch his next victim. Complete in every detail, this kit when you assemble it... before you run out of the room, is a detailed scale model of "WOLF MAN" surrounded by his favorite playmates.



**THE CREATURE FROM THE LAGOON**—We dare you to put this one together. Horror-fresh, straight from the water. Assemble with caution so that you don't stab yourself on the razor sharp claws. Watch the head as you attach it... sharp teeth.



**FRANKENSTEIN**—This great model is made up of 25 separate parts. When complete it stands over 12". You paint it yourself with quick drying enamel, and when finished the menacing figure of the great monster appears to walk right off the GRAVESTONE base that is part of the kit.



**DRACULA**—The count of mid-night, hands stretched out in his famous "Terror Stance," looks at you with chilling eyes and grasping hands. Fang-like teeth hunger for the taste of blood. In a twisted tree hang two of his favorite bat pets.

CAPTAIN COMPANY, DEPT 510-816  
P.O. Box 3987 Grand Central Station  
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Hurry up and send it! I never thought I'd get the chance to build my very own MOVIE MONSTER. The basement is ready... my fingers are itching to get to work. I want a:

- ☐ THE MUMMY KIT... \$1.00 plus 35¢ for postage & handling.
- ☐ CREATURE FROM THE LAGOON... \$1.00 plus 35¢ for postage & handling.
- ☐ FRANKENSTEIN MONSTER KIT... \$1.00 plus 35¢ for postage & handling.
- ☐ DRACULA MONSTER KIT... \$1.00 plus 35¢ for postage & handling.
- ☐ WOLFMAN MONSTER KIT... \$1.00 plus 35¢ for postage & handling.
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- ☐ PHANTOM OF THE OPERA MONSTER KIT... \$1.00 plus 35¢ for postage & handling.
- ☐ GODZILLA... \$1.49 plus 35¢ for postage & handling.
- ☐ KING KONG... \$1.49 plus 35¢ for postage & handling.

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ANY OF YOU **MERRY MONSTERS** SOUVENIR HUNTERS? SOMETIMES IT'S BEST TO LEAVE THINGS WHERE YOU FIND THEM... AS BIG GAME HUNTER HARRY BLACK FINDS OUT WHEN HE TRIES TO GET...

# AHEAD of the GAME!

**BLAZES!** AN ALBINO! LOOK AT THE SIZE OF THAT MONSTER! WHAT A PRIZE!

**NO, B'WANI!** DON'T SHOOT!

I'VE EMPTIED MY RIFLE! HE'S NOT STOPPING!

**KAY POW!**

**POW!**

**POW! CLICK!**

**DO SOMETHING!** HE'LL KILL ME!

See Orlando



WAIT! HE'S DEAD! TOOK EVERY ROUND I HAD TO KILL HIM! GET THIS BLEEDIN' CARCASS OFF ME!



B'WANI! YOU SHOULD NOT HAVE KILLED THIS ANIMAL! MANY BELIEVE A WHITE GORILLA IS **SACRED!**

DON'T HAND ME ANY MUMBO-JUMBO! THIS IS A PRIZE KILL! MAKES THIS LOUSY SAFARI WORTHWHILE... GIMME YOUR MACHETE!



THIS IS GONNA MAKE SOME TROPHY! LEAVE THE CARCASS FOR THE JACKALS... LET'S GET BACK TO CAMP!

VERNA BABY! WAIT'LL YOU SEE WHAT I BAGGED! ANY HUNTER IN THE WORLD'D GIVE HIS EYE TEETH FOR THIS!

FINE, HARRY! MAYBE NOW WE CAN GET OUT OF THIS JUNGLE AND BACK TO CIVILIZATION!



LOOK AT YOU! COVERED WITH BLOOD... AND THE SMELL OF GORILLA ALL OVER YOU! BURN THOSE CLOTHES BEFORE WE PACK!





**BOOM!**  
WITH THE ALMOST RITUALISTIC BURNING OF HIS HUNTING GARB, HARRY AND VERA ENDED THEIR AFRICAN SAFARI... TREASURED TROPHY CLOSE AT HAND, THEY BEGAN THE FIRST LEG OF THEIR LONG TRIP BACK TO THE U.S.

...BIGGEST GORILLA YOU'VE EVER SEEN! AND WHITE! SOME PRIZE, EH? UNDER LOCK AND KEY IN MY STATEROOM... YOU SHOULD SEE IT!

NOT TO-NIGHT, BLACK, OLD MAN... WIFE AND I ARE TURNING IN EARLY!

HEY! WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH THEM?

MAYBE IT'S YOU, HARRY! WE'VE BEEN OUT OF THE JUNGLE A WEEK AND THE SCENT OF THAT GORILLA'S STILL ON YOU! LIKE THE MONKEY HOUSE IN A ZOO... ON EVERYTHING WE'VE GOT WITH US!



MR. BLACK! CAPTAIN WANTS TO SEE YOU DOWN IN THE HOLD!

THE THROB OF THE SHIP'S ENGINES WAS THE ONLY SOUND ACCOMPANYING THE BEAM OF THE CAPTAIN'S FLASHLIGHT AS IT PLAYED AMONG THE LIFELESS LUGGAGE ON A FORM ONCE LIVING BUT NOW ALSO LIFELESS...

ONE OF MY CREW! SMASHED LIKE A PAPER DOLL!

I CALLED YOU DOWN BECAUSE APPARENTLY HE WAS KILLED BY WHOEVER DID THIS TO YOUR LUGGAGE!

W-WHO COULD TAKE APART TRUNKS LIKE THAT?

THE SMELL! HARRY, IT'S STRONGER THAN EVER ON THIS STUFF! SINCE WE LEFT THE JUNGLE, I'VE HAD THE FEELING SOMETHING'S FOLLOWING US... I DON'T WANT TO SPEND ANOTHER NIGHT COOPED UP ON THIS SHIP!

DON'T GET HYSTERICAL! THERE'S PROBABLY A SIMPLE EXPLANATION!

HARRY! I'M SCARED! I WANT OFF TONIGHT! NOW!

AWRIGHT, AWRIGHT! WE DOCK AT NYANGA WITHIN THE HOUR! WE CAN GET A PLANE OUT IN THE MORNING!

DAWN FOUND HARRY AND VERA LEAVING AFRICA, BUT NOT THE TERROR WHICH HAD OVERTAKEN THEIR BRINGING HOME OF THE TROPHY!

HARRY, I STILL GOT THAT FEELING! KNOCK IT OFF! YOU'RE SAFE! WE'LL BE IN THE STATES TOMORROW!

SHOT I HAD TO BRING THAT BABY DOWN!

SHOWING OFF THAT THING? I'M SICK OF ITS SMELL ALL OVER THE HOUSE!

A black and white comic book panel. On the left, a large gorilla is shown in profile, roaring with its mouth wide open. On the right, two men are looking at the gorilla. The man in the foreground is older, with a mustache and a worried expression. The man behind him is wearing a pilot's cap and a flight jacket. A speech bubble from the gorilla contains the text: "BEFORE TURNING IN...".

SERVANTS CLAIM SOMEONE'S BEEN LURKING ABOUT THE WOODS LAST FEW NIGHTS... THOUGHT I'D HAVE A LOOK AROUND!

GOOD IDEA, MR. WILLIS! WE DON'T WANNA BE BOTHERED BY ANY PROWLERS... RUN 'EM OFF!

PROBABLY JUST THE SERVANTS' IMAGINATION...

WAIT!

BRUSH CRACKLING OVER THERE!

A black and white comic book panel. A woman with blonde hair is screaming, with large, stylized letters 'NYAAA' written across her body. She is wearing a light-colored, short-sleeved top. A man with dark hair is looking up at her with a shocked expression, his mouth open. A speech bubble above the woman contains the text 'MR. WILLIS!'. The background is simple, with some lines suggesting a desk or table.

SCREAM CAME FROM  
DOWN HERE—!



HARRY!

THERE!



WILLIS! CRUSHED  
TO A PULP! JUST  
LIKE THE CREWMAN  
ON SHIPBOARD!

LOOK! IN  
THE MUD  
AROUND  
HIS BODY!



THOSE TRACKS... THEY COULD ONLY  
HAVE BEEN MADE BY... A GORILLA!

I KNEW IT! *I KNEW IT!* EVER SINCE  
YOU TOOK THAT TROPHY *SOMETHING'S*  
BEEN FOLLOWING US! FOLLOWING THE  
GORILLA SCENT!



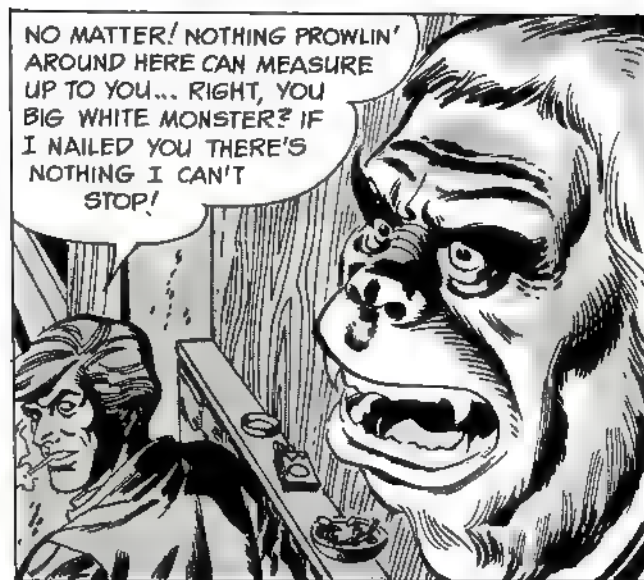
I'M LEAVING! RIGHT NOW! THIS  
MINUTE! OUR LIVES AREN'T  
SAFE WITH A BEAST LIKE THAT  
ON THE LOOSE! WE CAN BRING  
THE POLICE BACK FROM TOWN!

THIS IS MY  
HOME AND I CAN  
HANDLE ANY-  
THING THAT  
THREATENS IT!  
YOU DON'T HAVE TO  
GO ANYWHERE!



VERNA! COME  
BACK! I'M NOT  
SCARED! I CAN  
TAKE CARE OF  
THIS!



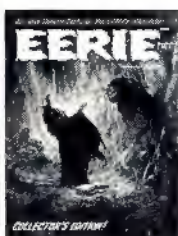




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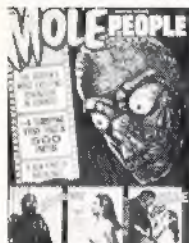
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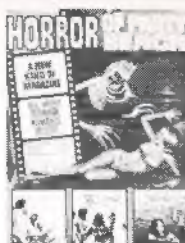
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EXCITING, COMPLETE FILM STORY! FAMOUS, eerie film, as made by Universal Pictures. Savage civilization of a million years ago, full of blood-lust and eerie agony. FOR THE BIG STORY, with 500 pictures, mail 70¢ plus 15¢ for postage and handling.



DOUBLE- TROUBLE in a two-for-the money combination of Frankenstein and the Vampire. Complete individual Monster and Horror stories plus 500 exciting gruesome photos. Now at last, in one combination to thrill you. Only 70¢ plus 15¢ for postage and handling.



HORROR OF PARTY BEACH! Just teenagers twisting at the beach... and then all terror breaks loose. Horrible sea-monsters crawl from the water. What happens at Party Beach will make your hair stand on end. 500 photos, only 70¢ plus 15¢ for postage and handling.

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YOU WON'T BELIEVE your eyes when you see this fascinating ANT FARM! An army of WORKER ANTS dig tunnels, build rooms, carry loads uphill. FEEDER ANTS see that everyone eats well. NURSEMAID ANTS take care of the baby ants. Show your ANT FARM to your science teacher, friends, classmates. Mother, father and visitors will share in this amazing nature study. Shows exactly how ant hills get that way, and what happens. Strongly built of clear plastic. Convenient 8" x 9" size. Ant Farm includes farm decorations, stand, soil and sandbar. Only \$2.98 complete. We pay postage. LIVE DELIVERY GUARANTEED.

\$2.98

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## WHO ELSE WANTS A LIVE MONKEY

YOU can be the happiest boy on your block with your own LIVE BABY SQUIRREL MONKEY! Have loads of fun and enjoyment. Train your monkey to do tricks, come to you for food, petting and playing. These delightful monkeys grow to almost 12 inches tall and are golden in color. Slender, short-haired. Each monkey has a heart-shaped



face, appealing eyes and grows a tall almost 14 inches long.

No problem caring for or feeding your monkey. It sets lettuce, carrots, fruits,

almost anything you eat. Affectionate and lovable, almost a "member of the family" soon after you get your pet. Dress it in cute costumes put on shows; you and your monkey can be real pals. LIVE DELIVERY GUARANTEED! Send \$19.95 in check or money order. Pay delivery man small express charge for safe delivery to you.

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## Watch the MIRACLE of BIRTH Before Your Very Eyes

NURSE embryos from egg to chick! You can do it with amazing DOME MIRACLE hatcher. A poultry form in miniature. Set includes bulb, egg holder, thermometer & full instructions. 6" tall, 7 1/4" wide. Holds proper heat, humidity to hatch chicks, ducks, pheasants, quail, etc. Fascinating and educational. Only \$3.98, plus 25¢ postage, handling.



## MONSTER HAND!

SANTA NEVER SAW CLAWS like these! Fierce-looking monster hands you wear over your hands, like grotesque gloves. Tucked inside a coat or shirt sleeve, the hands look horribly natural. Have fun with your own Monster Hands. \$1.50 for 1 hand; \$3.00 for the pair. Add 25¢ per hand for postage, handling.

## PERPETUAL MOTION SOLAR ENGINE—Energy from Light Makes it Work!

HERE IS a mysterious instrument, with flags inside that can turn forever. All by themselves. No electricity, no motor, no batteries. Works the same way sun's energy causes ocean tides. All you need is light from any source to make flags turn. Brighter the light, faster the action. A fascinating, scientific device. Only \$1.75, plus 25¢ postage, handling.

## MONSTER FLY!

Developed especially for FAMOUS MONSTERS MAGAZINE readers. Realistic, 8" size; with transparent wings, blazing red eyes, flexible black legs, green body, black veins. Suction cup in nose lets MONSTER FLY stick to anything, any time, anywhere. Want to create a Monster Sensation. Get your MONSTER FLY right away. Only \$1.75 plus 25¢ for shipping & handling.

## HUMAN SKELETON!

IS THAT WHAT WE LOOK LIKE INSIDE??? YOU CAN'T walk around in your bones. Next best thing is this HUMAN SKELETON. A foot-high model, scaled from a 6' man; made of BONE WHITE flexible Superlon. No gluing, no painting; parts snap together. Free Anatomy Chart included. Only \$1.25 plus 25¢ shipping & handling.



## SILENT DOG WHISTLE

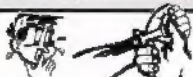
MYSTERIOUS... Only DOGS Can Hear It!



AMAZE EVERYONE (especially Fido) when you blow THE SILENT DOG WHISTLE. Supersonic features makes it silent to human ears, but your dog will respond instantly. Only \$1.00 plus 25¢ for postage & handling.

## MAD DOCTOR HYPODERMIC NEEDLE!

YOU'RE THE MAD DOCTOR with this amazing duplicate of your physician's real hypo syringe & needle. Take "blood" tests. Give "shots." Fool everyone. Blunt, harmless needle seems to enter vein but actually rides back into syringe. Tube seems to fill with victim's blood. Red liquid is built in to this safe, funny gadget. Only \$1.50 plus 25¢ for postage & handling.



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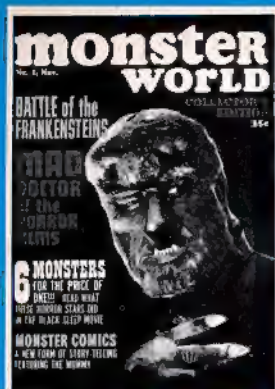
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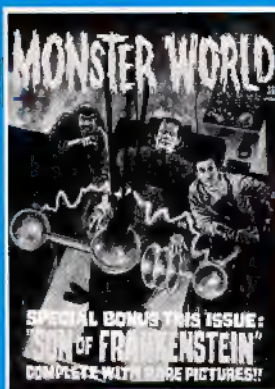
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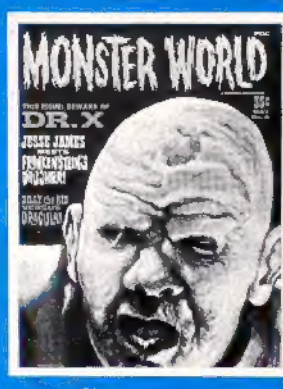
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